

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

VOL. LV.—NO. 49.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 2761.

Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office, Phila.

THE MESSENGER.
ISSUED WEEKLY
BY THE
PUBLICATION BOARD OF THE REFORMED CHURCH
IN THE
UNITED STATES.
Office, 907 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
For Terms, &c., see BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Poetry.

The Sensational Preacher.

From the ancient, quaint phrases of the Bible
He carelessly chooses a text,
And then drifts away in a lecture
That leaves the true question unvetted;
But he catches the ear of his hearers,
Which often is longer than fine.
With a bric-a-brac sermon a layman
Might preach "o'er the walnuts and wine."
To-day he slings mud at officials.
To-morrow he'll handle the "press,"
In the hope of a free advertisement,
Be it either a kick or caress;
And he mixes the slang of elections
With a patter of tea-table talk;
And instead of the milk of the Scriptures
Is profuse with his water and chalk.
—Exchange.

Notes.

While a word is yet unspoken, you are master of it. When once it is spoken, it is master of you.

What we do of ourselves is not the best we can do; we must for the best seek for divine strength and light to help us.—*Lincoln*.

The only doctrinal truth which Solomon insisted on, when he took the whole world for his barren text, was: "That all is vanity."—*Bishop Sanderson*.

None are ruined by the justice of God but those who will not be reformed by the grace of God. One of the most spiritually-minded Christians whom we have ever known, was in the habit of saying "I am willing to be governed by God's laws, and to be saved by His grace." This is the most excellent statement of the condition of a truly Christian heart.

Dr. William M. Taylor tells that in his early boyhood, after having heard a sermon in which the preacher dwelt much on "the appropriating act of faith," he asked his father what was meant by that expression. The old man gave the same reply which had been given him by his mother to the same inquiry when he was a lad, viz.: "Take your Bible and underscore all the 'mys,' the 'mines,' and the 'mes' you come upon, and you will discover what appropriation is."

A personal Jesus accepted is salvation; a personal Jesus obeyed is sanctification; a personal Jesus trusted is perpetual joy; a personal Jesus possessed is our only power. Without Him all preaching is empty clamor; without Him all church machineries but idle clatter. If we covet a genuine revival of spiritual life and power, let us open our lips, our pulses, our hands and our hearts to this deepest, grandest, most heaven-born of petitions, "Come, Lord Jesus!"—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler*.

Hasty words are very natural, and it takes considerable of an education in grace to repress them; yet it is very certain that they are not only wrong, but also do not pay. How often, in after days, they are forced back on us, and fill for us a bowl of acid medicine that sets our teeth on edge! Happy is the man who can keep silence, when silence is golden. Hasty complaints about God's dealings with us, hasty words of anger flung at a fellow-man—would that we learned to repress them by keeping our heart right, by setting a

curb to our tongue, by silently breathing out our trouble to God and taking counsel with Him in prayer.—*The Moravian*.

He who has not formed the habit of seeing God in all the situations, modifications, and events of life, is evidently shut out most of the time from any special communion with Him. His thoughts are occupied with other things, and nothing reminds him of His maker. In short, so far as the great purpose of existence goes, most of his time is wasted. He is like a sailing ship trying to cross the ocean in the face of almost constant head-winds or calms. His progress is slow at best, and sometimes ceases altogether; many days, and perhaps weeks go by in which nothing is done. How different with the man who can neither walk abroad nor sit at home without beholding abundant tokens of His Father's presence and power, without seeing God manifest in earth and sky, in cloud and flower, in river and plain, as well as in all that occurs through animate agents, whether they be brutes or men. He is like the strong steamer which loses little time for storm or calm, but speeds steadily on her way across the deep. He is like a sagacious merchant in whose hands everything turns to gold, and with whom nothing can come amiss or be wasted.—*Rev. James Mudge*.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

Letter from Missionary Moore.

Revisits Tokio—Churches Flourishing—New Chapel—Asks for Communion Set—Wedding at Iwatsuki—Heathenish Procession—Ornamental Car—Warm Reception Everywhere—The Lord's Kingdom.

On the 6th of September I left Sendai, in company with Mrs. Moore, for Tokio, in order to look after the work in the capitol and the surrounding country. After an absence of over three months the people were anxious to have one of our missionaries to visit them, not only to preach and administer the sacraments to them, but that they might see him face to face, and talk over with him the interests of the work. No matter how good or efficient the native evangelist may be, these brethren feel the need of the foreign missionary's advice, counsel and influence; for, say many of them, we are still only weak children of the faith.

For two weeks, I spent the greater part of my time in visiting among the people, preaching, administering the sacraments of the Church, and in consultations (soudas), for which the Japanese are famous.

In a general way I can report the churches all doing well. Nihon Bashi has a cloud of sorrow hanging over it, on account of the long continued illness of our evangelist, Mr. Chimura. Already, in May, he had a paralytic stroke, since which time he has been confined to his room, without being able to do any work. During this time the work, both at Nihon Bashi and Oji, has been carried forward by the elder (Mr. Yoshida Moriyo), assisted by Rev. Dr. Thompson of the American Presbyterian, and Rev. Waddell of the Scotch Church. Dr. Thompson preaches every Sunday morning at the Nihon Bashi Church, and he told me that, in order to help Mr. Chimura, who was his former pupil, and that the work might go on, he would be willing to continue until next Spring, or until a change would take place in the condition of the evangelist, who is not supposed to recover. At this place, as also at Oji, I preached, and at the latter place administered both sacraments. The Bancho Church has a regular pastor, Rev. Mr. Nyemura, who expects to visit America during next year, and whom some of the readers of this letter may have an opportunity of seeing and hearing.

This church is in a flourishing condition. I feel very glad to meet with these brethren and sisters. It was something like the minister visiting his old charge. While I was in Tokio a subscription was

started for building a chapel. One man put down his name for \$50, another for \$25, and others for smaller amounts. This was a move in the right direction, which greatly pleased me. Of course they must have my name on the list, they said; and I pledged myself for a certain amount for this worthy object. Is there, perhaps, some one in the church who would present to these people a communion service? The name of the church is the "Bancho Union Church."

Here I spent one Sunday morning and preached to a full house and an attentive audience. Perhaps the most interesting part of my visit was to the town of Iwatsuki and vicinity, where we have three stations. I arrived at this place on the afternoon of a certain day. I stopped at the hotel, where I deposited my valise, after which I went in search of the preaching place, which was changed since I last visited the place. I found our evangelist and his wife ready to receive me. Soon the news of my arrival reached the ears of some of the Shinja (members), and, one after the other, the brethren and sisters came to see and bid me a hearty welcome.

They had not arranged for a preaching service that evening, but wished me to go to the house of a Mr. Kachida, a man belonging to one of the oldest and most respectable families of the town, who had recently become interested in the "Way," as the Japanese say, in speaking of the Christian religion. Here I found a pretty Japanese house, bearing marks of the rank and standing of its owner. At this place a band of some twenty or more had gathered and now they wished me not to preach them a regular sermon, but give them a familiar talk on some easy Christian subject. When a man has his sermon on paper, or arranged in his mind even to the extent of the phraseology, he may get along pretty well even in a foreign tongue; but the easy and familiar impromptu talks, these I find the most difficult. However, I spoke to these people as best I could on the three very important things of the Way, viz., faith, right-living, and the necessity of church membership. It was decided that I should remove from the hotel and stay in the house of this man. Hotels, they said, were noisy, and I could not rest so well; therefore, would I not please abide at this man's house. I did so, and found it a most pleasant place to stay. The next day, in the afternoon, from 2 to 5 o'clock, we had a communion and baptismal service. After this, a wedding ceremony at the house of the Christians whose daughter was married to one of the church members. This being, I believe, the first Christian wedding ceremony ever conducted in this place, naturally was a matter of curiosity and interest. Are not weddings always so?

Many friends and some of the neighbors had come to see and to hear. And when the time for the ceremony came, not only the house inside, but the yard outside, at the doors and windows, was filled with spectators. After this in the evening, in a house on Main street rented for the purpose, another preaching service was held, which ended the services here.

Early next morning, our evangelist, Mr. Sambe and myself, started seven miles across the country to Matsubayashi, where the members of two of our stations had met together for a communion service. At these places, especially at Iwatsuki, the work is prospering. The man Kachida, of whom I have already spoken, will, in the near future, bring his whole family, consisting of his parents, two children, himself and wife into the Church, and he has many relatives, who, they say, will all be likely to follow him into the Church. Is not this a matter for rejoicing? I have not time to speak of all the marks of kind treatment I received, the deep interest and attention which pervaded all our services and how my heart was rejoiced in meeting with, and ministering to these people. They are my brethren and I feel the same interest in them and have the same attachment for them, as though they were of the same race and nationality with me. While I was with them the question again and again occurred to me: Shall we give up this work here in Tokio and vicinity?

If we have no missionary resident in Tokio, there seems no other way, since it is too far from Sendai to manage it properly from here.

Returning from the country to Tokio, I saw sights and had experiences of a different kind. Some of the towns were gayly decorated with lanterns and bunting of different kinds, evidences of a *matsuri* (religious festival) going on. At various places, while passing along, I met processions, with men carrying a heavy box-like arrangement, containing the idol and shrine of some particular divinity. This rests on two long beams carried by, from fifty to sixty men, swaying back and forth and from side to side, all this amid the beating of drums, the chanting of minstrels and the greatest confusion, so that, unless the policemen assist you in clearing the way, it is difficult to pass along the street.

Another part of the procession is an ornamental car drawn usually by two or three oxen. This car is surmounted by an immense image eighteen or twenty feet high, having a most wierd and comical appearance. The car is filled with men and boys beating drums, blowing horns and singing. When the car is at rest it is used for dancing and theatricals. And all this in the name of religion!

One needs to see these things to get a correct idea of heathenism with its pollutions and degradations. I met one of these processions in front of the prostitute quarters at the entrance to the capitol. The streets outside filled with a riotous and tumultuous religious procession. Looking from behind wooden barred doors and windows, hundreds of creatures, women living lives of infamy and shame, many of them against their own wills, being sold for a term of years into this awful slavery. I associated the heathenish procession in the streets outside, with the life of infamy inside, and largely they belong together in the relation of cause and effect. I thought when will Japan be rid of heathenism and the fruits which grow on this corrupt tree? When will the "Tree of Life" take firm root and spread its life-giving branches over the whole of this fair land?

May the Lord speed the day when His kingdom shall come in full power and glory, and Japan will become in deed and in truth "The Land of the Sun of Righteousness" as it is now the "Land of the Rising Sun." Let us all with heart and hand and purse, labor to usher in the full and perfect day. Yours in the Lord,
J. P. MOORE.

October, 1887.

For The Messenger.

Dr. Richard Rothe on Bible Reading.

When a very great man talks, everybody wants to hear. If the obscure writer of this article (and by the way he persuades himself that he is quite willing to remain so), were to write under his own name on the duty under consideration, many readers would allow their eye to run past it unheeded. But when Rothe speaks, especially on a practical subject, most persons will want to know what he has to say. For, by many, he is looked upon as the greatest theologian of the century. One German encyclopedia, and a very critical and cautious one at that, unhesitatingly pronounces him "the profoundest theological thinker of the age." It is not necessary for us to say anything more about the man, as all that need be known of him may be learned from Dr. Schaff's account of him in his work on the theology and universities of Germany. But what we do wish to know is what he has to say in regard to a few practical, every-day, Christian duties; and one of these is Bible reading. Rothe, accordingly, has the floor.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the importance of the study of the Word of God in view of the present great want of religious knowledge. Religious knowledge is that which should be acquired above all other kinds of knowledge. When we think of the vast amount of reading that is done at the present day,

what a lamentable fact it is that so small a proportion of time is devoted to the study of the Scriptures! The use of the Word of God is the specific (*eigenthümlich*) means for the training and culture both of the religious sense and the religious intellect, the specific school for divine illumination. The Bible must be studied by every one who has any regard for religion, and precisely in proportion to that regard; for it is and must ever remain the established basis for all future religious thought and investigation.

There are two ways in which the Bible is to be read. To use it for a devotional purpose is one thing; to use it with a view of enlarging our information is another. Now these two ways of using the Word of God are not only to be distinguished, but they should be kept apart. One should be attended to at one time; the other at another. What is intended by the former is expressed by the word *Andacht*, which is pronounced *ein ganz besonders nützliches religiöses Jugendmittel*,* and is explained as consisting in contemplation or meditation. In the discharge of this duty no assistance can be of more value than the use of the Divine Word. Accordingly we should habituate ourselves to use it at regularly recurring periods, daily if possible, with no other end in view than what is involved in the idea of devotion itself.

It is not necessary to describe the other form, but we must "search the Scriptures" in the way of care and energetic intellectual effort. Every Sunday school teacher knows what is meant by this. Here again there is a difference between fitting ourselves for this or that particular task, and the work of our own higher spiritual culture. It is advisable to set apart certain particular times for this specific Scriptural study.† The more sedulously the Bible is used in connection with it as a book of devotion, the more easily and successfully will this study go forward, and the less will it be characterized by contractedness of view and narrowness of purpose.

The object that we have in view in thus drilling ourselves in the Word of God, is that we thus learn in all our knowledge in general to find the Word of God, and thus without ceasing to be holding intercourse with the Word of God, or if you choose, that the use of the Word of God becomes with us a matter of habit.

UEBER SETZER.

For The Messenger.

Missionary Notes.

By Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Superintendent of Missions.

Cheerful Giving.

Rev. S. P. Brown has for over six years been pastor of the Liverpool charge, in the hill country of Snyder county, Pa. You ferry the river at Georgetown, pass the night at the pastor's house four miles inward, and on Sunday find three congregations waiting to hear about our mission work. I spent November 13th with these people, speaking to full houses. The pastor invited the people to come forward after service and give what they could for missions, and at the three churches many came forward, old and young, and laid upon the altar of God their offering, some more and some less, but all very cheerfully. No announcement of this had been made, but quite a nice amount was raised. People will give if they see a reason for it. These people were once a mission. One man said, "We were helped and now we must help others."

Those Thirty Hymn Books.

Several months ago the Superintendent received from Rev. F. S. Lindaman of Littlestown, Pa., thirty new hymn books (Eastern publication) for use in Western missions.

It was a great pleasure lately to mail half of them to Kansas City, Mo., and half of them to Abilene, Kansas. Both of these missions have been using the

* An altogether specially important means of advancing the religious character.
† Eigentliche Schriftstudium.

Eastern hymn book and were glad for this gift; especially so since it is important that mission churches have hymn books at hand for strangers and friends who are not supposed to have one with them.

If any one else can spare hymn books, old or new edition, in any number from one to fifty, the Superintendent will soon find the right place for them.

For the Messenger.

"Stratford-on-Avon."

Mr. Editor:—Leaving Leamington, a few miles ride brings you to Stratford. No pilgrim leaves England without a visit to Shakespeare's birth-place. The situation speaks volumes as to its power over the mind of the great poet. There is no spot in England more picturesque. The woodland of Arden is the wonder of England. Its soil is rich and verdure covers it with its mantle of beauty. The very atmosphere is inspiring, and everywhere is thrift and contentment. No wonder that after the world's bustle, William Shakespeare sought retirement in this, his native soil. The glamor of London could give no more honor; his boon companions had lost their fascinations, and the old town and inn Falcon were to him the chief solace in his declining years. In speaking of this, Irving says: "He who has sought renown above the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to seek for rest on the bosom of his childhood."

The town of Stratford has undergone few modern changes. The very association of Shakespeare has forbidden innovations. The antiquity reminds one of "Old London," as seen in the Colonial Exhibition of 1887. The narrow streets—gabled-top roofs—tile floors, and narrow windows and door-ways. The old home of Shakespeare has been torn down and a fac simile graces the ground. The visitors have mistaken this residence for the identical one in Shakespeare's life and committed the vandalism of the age by numerous inscriptions on the walls and lintels of the building. I asked one of the citizens: "Is this the old pile?" "No," said he, laughingly, "yet that gentleman renting the premises in his ignorant bliss, venerates it all the same." The old school-house in which he was educated is an orphan asylum, and the house in which he lived when he died is razed to the ground. You enter the grounds and are shown the foundation of the building—the old well, and the old mulberry tree from which he brewed his wine. The old inn, the Falcon, in which he met his boon companions, and the reports of his early days you also see. A mile's walk brings you to Slottrey, Ann Hathaway's cottage, whom he married at the age of eighteen. The old bedstead and chair on the hearth still stand as monuments of that day and are kept with reverent care.

There are so many points in this quaint old town that remind you of the life three hundred years ago, that you can hardly realize the progress civilization has made since then. When Shakespeare lived the play was only enacted before royal courts, and the merits of the acts were only discussed by the few. To day it is the subject of the school and the general public is the critic. Wherever the English tongue is spoken there are the enrapturing words of the poet emblazoned, and the aphorisms are as standard as the language in which it is written. The magnificent theatres in which his mighty works are played, and the admiring crowds testifying to their worth, give evidence that the seed time has brought a full harvest. The impress of Shakespeare's wisdom has been moulding thought and soothing many an aching brow with words of comfort which are therein found. Some kind friend has erected a Memorial Hall to Shakespeare on the banks of the river Avon, and thither the pilgrim goes as to a shrine to drink in wisdom and inspiration from the essays of the departed. In the parish church lie his remains, and as you pass up the Avon and climb over the walls of this sacred spot you feel a reverence for the spirit of the great man whose mortal remains the sacred enclosure covers. I could picture him in his boyhood as he roamed in the innocence of childhood in this beautiful vicinage, and then follow him in his successive struggles and triumphs, until in a green old age his remains were solemnly laid away, without pomp or ceremony, in this silent church looking down upon the little village below. Little did the people then imagine that in three hundred years a stream of philosophers, poets and pilgrims should wend their way hitherward to do homage to his name and the nation that gave him birth. I quote from a St. Louis critic a very apropos description of Shakespeare's merits, and it will serve as a sequel to this as it is exhaustive. He says:

"We are constantly taught that in literature the question of success and endurance depends mainly upon method rather than manner; but this is not strictly true of Shakespeare, marvellously wise as he was. It is his style that counts for most. The substance is there, to be sure, but it is borrowed from far and near and

made his only by virtue of the superior way in which he presents it. Whatever he appropriates he improves, of course; and that is his justification and his secret of steady and complete victory. It may be true, as claimed by an eminent philosopher, that 'The greatest genius is the most indebted man;' and certainly, so far as this genius of geniuses is concerned, it must be said that his faculty of absorption is exceeded only by his power of making old things new through the medium of his artistic skill and insight. We call him simple in his designs and his appliances, but it is a simplicity which represents the best form of mental discipline and calculation. He is not simple by accident; he does not speak the language of the people because that is easiest to do, for it is hardest, instead, as any one can learn by attempting to imitate it. His stories are told plainly for the reason that he was at all times faithful to the highest and most exacting rules of art. He constructed plays as the greatest of sculptors carved statues—with close attention to every detail, in proportion to its relative importance, and with the determination always uppermost to achieve honest results by honest means. There was no short cut to immortality for him, more than for any other man, in his time or in any other time. His gifts were his glory only because he used them faithfully, as an artist, to whom form was a consideration of vital importance. He had inspiration most assuredly; but it was inspiration of the sane and practical sort. We can never praise and honor too much his wonderful scope of vision, his unparalleled grasp of the motives and fatalities of human nature; but after all, his style is the surpassing and indispensable quality which makes him the 'dear son of memory, great heir of fame' that he was declared to be by Milton."

It was with regret that I had to leave these sacred spots. The whole county of Warwick abounds in reminiscences of William Shakespeare, but Kenilworth and Warwick must be seen, and I bid old Stratford farewell. Flow gently sweet Avon; in the far distant future many pilgrims shall wend their way to your placid shores. Guard well the remains of him who has made you memorable and the memory of whom increases with the admiration of the many who bring their homage to his tomb. I am, yours truly,
D. S. GLONINGER.

Family Reading.

A Cradle Hymn.*

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently fall upon thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or prayerment
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must He dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly Stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arm shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the tender shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
There they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant, how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

Lo! He slumbers in His manger,
Where the harned oxen feed,
Peace, my darling, here's no danger;
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days,
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

* Full text from Watts' unabridged works, London, 1740. Furnished to the Interior.

Ezra Whittlesey, Stage-Coach Driver.

BY SUSAN TRALL PERRY.

Probably no character in Massachusetts fifty years ago, was better known and more appreciated than Ezra Whittlesey, the stage coach driver. He was a remarkable man in many ways, but in one particular he was above the average, he had a wonderful memory. He could do errands for the whole town, and not forget one of them, notwithstanding he never made a memorandum of any of them. His wife was a very meek, quiet woman, with six children to care for; she did all her own house-work, and consequently had no time hanging heavily on her hands. She never had to say "What shall I do now?" because work was ready waiting, and put into her hands before she had time to put away the piece she had just finished. One day when her husband was on his way home from Boston, having no passengers on the outside of the coach on that trip to talk to, he naturally turned his thoughts towards his family at home. The conclusion of his thoughts were these: "Molly must have a little change. I'll take her with me on the next trip. Molly must see Boston. She'll think she can't go, but I'll get mother to go over and stay with the children."

Of course his wife made a great many excuses about going, but the trip was finally arranged for her by her husband's mother and her neighbors. At 4 o'clock in the morning of that day she was going to start on her trip, she got up, and after dressing herself she went into the two rooms where the children slept, and knelt down by the high-post bedsteads and by the trundle bed, and burying her face in the bedclothes, she committed her children to the care of her heavenly Father. She was a good mother and a trusting mother, and she was so happy to think she had such a Father to leave her children with in her absence.

It was just daylight when the stage-coach started from the tavern. There were a number of passengers, and so many commissions to be remembered. Mrs. Bement wanted a bolt of unbleached cotton cloth. Mr. Basset wanted a new kind of whiffletree for his wagon. Miss Prim, the village dressmaker, wanted two yards of silk to match a sample which she had given him, and somebody else wanted tea, and another body wanted a jar of a certain kind of snuff, for there were snuff-takers in those days, and there were a number of other requests besides, which Ezra arranged systematically in his memory. When he got near the turnpike, an old woman came running after him, screaming "Ezry, Ezry Whittlesey, won't you go to my daughter's and get me a new bonnet. She's got it all trimmed and ready in the band-box to send."

Band-boxes in those days took up a great deal of room. They were large, round, paper-boxes, that held a number of things beside the big scoop bonnet and long lace veil that was put on a string and pushed off the face, just as a curtain is pushed up to one end of a string, and hangs at the side. But the funniest errand was yet to come. On top of the hill, below the turnpike, the Squire lived, and as the stage-coach driver flourished his whip coming up to the house, the Squire's pretty, young wife stood at the gate. "Mr. Whittlesey," she said, "will you please go to the orphan asylum and get me a little girl, about ten years old. I'll leave it to your judgment to select one."

The stage-coach driver said he would do the best he could, and as his wife was along to help him, he was certain they would make a good choice.

Ezra Whittlesey was one of those men whose judgment rarely failed to please those who sent commissions by him. Of course there were people in that community, as there are in every other, who won't be suited with anything. Those persons, after Ezra had failed to suit them, when he had taken great pains to do so, he refused to a commodate; but they generally proved to be persons who could not suit themselves when they went to town.

When the stage-coach driver had fulfilled all his duties, and loaded his passengers, even to the little girl from the orphan asylum, he started for home. After he had driven four miles, the thought seemed to be impressed upon him that he had forgotten something. He told over on his fingers all the things he was to purchase, he was sure he had not forgotten any of them, and then he leaned back and looked into the coach to see if the little girl was all right. Yes, she was sitting in the corner just where he had seated her, looking out of the window, deeply interested in all that she saw. At once Ezra Whittlesey gave a deep groan, and slapped one of his hands on his knees: "O dear me," he exclaimed, "what shall I do! I've forgotten my wife!"

There was no going back after her, for the stage-coach carried the mail, and he was under contract from the government to get it to the offices at just such a time, unless detained unavoidably. Forgetting his wife did not come under the head of unavoidable, for it was his own fault, so he could not turn back. But he took a brighter view of the matter, and could not help laughing at the joke. His wife was safe at Aunt Betsey's, but when she found the coach had gone without her, what would she think. There were no telegrams or lightning expresses, so he had to wait until he made his next trip.

His wife after she knew the stage had gone, did not think for a moment her

husband had forgotten her, but concluded it had been a contrived plan to leave her, that she might have a longer rest, and she and Aunt Betsey settled down for another good visit.

The Squire's wife was well pleased with the little girl that Mr. Whittlesey brought her, so well pleased that she kept her ten years, until she was married. But I must tell you one funny thing that this little girl did when she first came to her new home. Mrs. Delafield, the Squire's wife, had a very handsome shawl and bonnet which she kept for Sundays and visiting times, when she went into Boston. One day Mrs. Delafield went to sewing society, and left Letty, the little girl, to watch the house. When Letty found herself alone, she went to the bureau drawer in the spare chamber, and took out Mrs. Delafield's pretty shawl, and then to the large hand-box in the cupboard, and took out the big bonnet with the long, black, lace veil, and put them on. Then she paraded up and down the room in front of the looking-glass, that had a picture at the top of it of a monument and two women dressed in deep mourning standing by it, with their handkerchiefs up to their eyes. She thought she looked so well, that she would go over and see Hester Ann Carpenter, who lived over the hill. She knew Hester Ann's mother would be at the sewing society too. But when Letty arrived at Hester Ann's, that little girl put up both hands and exclaimed "O Letty, Letty, I'm afraid Mrs. Delafield will whip you within an inch of your life." To be whipped within an inch of her life, was a dreadful thing for Letty to think of; she was afraid to go home, and so she stayed in the barn until it was dark. When Mrs. Delafield came home, she was very much surprised to find no Letty, no fire, and no tea kettle steaming; and when she went upstairs to take off her sewing society dress, she had occasion to put her lace under-handkerchief in her bureau drawer, and then she saw her handsome shawl had been taken out, and the band-box cover lying on the floor, told her her bonnet must be gone too, and sure enough it was. She went out and called "Letty, Letty," but no one replied or came. When her husband came home she had supper already, and of course she said the little girl must have stolen the things, and she should have Ezra Whittlesey take her right back to the orphan asylum as soon as she found her.

After the supper things had been put away, Letty came quietly into the kitchen, and thought to go upstairs to bed, but Mrs. Delafield heard her. "Here's your shawl and your bonnet, Mrs. Delafield, and maybe you thought I was going to steal them; but I wasn't—I was only playing I was you, and I went to Hester Ann's to let her see how I looked in grown up clothes." Then Letty burst into tears. Mrs. Delafield talked quite sternly to her for a few minutes, but she was a kind-hearted woman, and soon forgave her, especially when she found Letty had folded the shawl up nicely, and had put the bonnet in a safe, clean place where no damage was done. But now comes a strange part of my story. Last summer when Letty, who had been living in a Western city for years, became a member of the Flower Mission she had occasion to go to the "Old Ladies' Home" with a basket of flowers, and there was an old lady there who was introduced to her as Mrs. Delafield, and after a little conversation with her, she found that she was the Squire's wife who had given her a home.

Mr. Delafield had lost his property, had gone West to the great city where Letty and her husband lived, and had died there, leaving his wife with only a little money, about enough to pay for a life-home in that institution. Circumstances had been such that her early friends had died, and having had no children, she had drifted in to that home. Letty found her very cheerful and contented, for whatever was God's way for her, she said was her way. But Letty's husband was a good business man, and they had been prospered to such an extent, that they had a pleasant home of their own, and it was not long before Mrs. Delafield was taken there to stay as long as she lived, and Letty's children are so fond of her, that they call her grandma, and do all they can to make her last days bright and happy. Not long since she said, "How I wish Ez a Whittlesey could know what a great thing he did for me when he brought that little orphan girl from Boston to my house so many years ago."—*New York Evangelist.*

Curious Epitaphs and Memorials of the Departed.

A cemetery seems a strange place in which to find amusement, and yet there is hardly one in the country where some curious or ludicrous monument or epitaph is not to be pointed out to the visitor. It is amazing that people can expect a man to set to work, chisel in hand, and make permanent in stone the sentiments that are often to be found upon monuments or headstones.

Many of these, so curious as to be almost beyond belief, have already been published; but there are some which have never yet been given to the world, and of the existence of which there is not the slightest doubt.

A bereaved husband at the South, upon the loss of his third wife, thought it a good time to bring the remains of her two predecessors from a distant place, and inter them in the same plot of ground. One

stone sufficed for all three, and on this were engraved these words:

"Here lie the remains of Rachel, the beloved wife of John Brown" (so we will call him), "a portion of Jane, and all that could be found of Hannah."

On a stone in a church-yard in England, is graven this epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Maria Wilson, niece to Burke, commonly called the sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious. She painted in water colors, was first cousin to Lady Jones, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

A well known epitaph is one on a lady who died of consumption. The sculptor was directed to place under the name and age the exclamation "Lord, she was thin!" but not having room for the whole sentence, he placed it in this manner, "Lord, she was thin!"

I know well a country church yard where there is a shaft erected by a husband to his three wives. On three sides of the shaft are merely the figures "1, 2, 3," while the fourth one is reserved either for No. 4, or for the bereaved one himself, when he shall be gathered to his fathers and his wives.

I have known of a good man's obituary being published by a mistaken friend, long years before his death; but it is not often that a man causes his own virtues to be inscribed upon stone, while he still walks and moves, a living contradiction to the statement upon the monument; yet I have known of one such case, and have heard of others.

There is a mural tablet in a church in a small town in England, commemorative of a lady of many virtues, not the least of which was her devotion to the memory of her husband, for "though she had received three eligible offers of marriage since his death, she had declined them all."

No less absurd than these are the remarks and prayers often made at funeral services. A good old pastor at the funeral of a lady not very long since thanked the Lord that "the mourning widow was not so old as to preclude the possibility of another matrimonial alliance."

In a small village whose name I will not mention, the minister in giving out a hymn at a funeral, said "We will now sing the hymn, which was a great favorite with the remains!" And another preacher in the course of his remarks upon a deceased member of his church, stated that "the corpse professed religion in his early youth."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

In the Sick Room.

A thermometer is indispensable in the sick room and the temperature should be carefully regulated by its indications. An open fireplace is the best ventilator when it can be had. Sometimes this is impossible, then the nurse must exercise her ingenuity with the means at her command. If there is a fireplace, a lighted lamp can be set in it in summer when a fire would make the room too warm. When the room is heated by a register or a coil of hot water pipes, or a close stove, a metal dish filled with boiling water and put where it will keep hot will moisten the atmosphere by the steam it gives off. A window should be arranged to open an inch or two at the top and a strip of baize, or coarse flannel tacked over the aperture. This will admit a constant supply of fresh air with no draught. A screen can be placed between the window and the bed if the cool air strikes directly upon it. The proper temperature at which the room should be kept varies with the nature of the illness. It is lower for fevers than for diseases of the chest and throat, and in some cases, as rheumatism, may be governed by the feelings of the patient. The wards of a general hospital are kept at 68°. It must be remembered that a person in bed does not take cold unless exposed to a strong draught, or violent changes of temperature, or the body being suddenly cooled by throwing aside the bed clothes.

—*E. R. Scovil.*

Label the Little Ones.

The anxiety caused by the wandering away of a little child from his usual familiar surroundings, or his being separated from his parents in a crowd, is made unnecessarily distressing by the fact that he usually carries with him no certain means of identification. To label him with his full name and address would be so simple a precaution that it is surprising that it is not a universal practice. We brand our cattle, puny cabalistic characters in the web-feet of our fowls, engrave dog-collars, and scrupulously tag umbrellas and bunches of keys, while giving hardly a passing thought to what would happen to our little speechless toddlers and ourselves should they stray into unknown streets or meet with some accident in the domains of strangers. In the customary marking of undergarments with indelible ink it would be but little more trouble to use the full name instead of initials, and on outer garments a convenient place could be selected—say the inside of the collar-band or the end of the sleeve—where the full address could be placed. If everybody would adopt such a plan and recommend it to others, there would be at once a beginning which might go far toward establishing a uniform custom, the usefulness of which would seem to be beyond question.

—*Babyhood.*

Youth's Department.

Doing Its Best.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

I am but a tiny cricket,
Living in a summer thicket,
There I take my rest.
Many songs are gayer, prouder,
Many a voice is sweeter, louder,—
But I do my best!

In my song there's no complaining,
Even when the sky is raining;
Birds fly east and west,—
Silent hide in leafy covert;
But I chirp till all is over,
Doing still my best!

When the leaves are round us flying,
When the birds and bees are dying
On their autumn quest,
You will find me in the stubble,
Though the clouds look full of trouble,
Singing still my best!

Clad in garments dark and sober,
Here I linger till October;
Sunshine warms my breast.
While the wintry days you number,
Sweet and quiet is my slumber,
For I've done my best!

—S. S. Times.

A Hard Winter.

The question was, should Dick remain at school?

"I'm afraid you'll have to give it up, Dick, my boy. I'm sorry, old fellow, but there doesn't seem to be a way out; and mamma and myself have talked it over and over until we are exhausted. It breaks my heart to disappoint you, Dick." It was papa who spoke, rather sorrowfully.

Dick Hanford was standing beside his father, with an arm thrown lovingly over the latter's shoulder. Mr. Hanford was very pale and thin, and had a languid appearance. He was, in fact, recovering from a long siege of rheumatic fever, which had drained the little family of its savings, and owing to which Mr. Hanford had lost his position. It would be many weeks before he could undertake another place, even if one could easily be found, which was doubtful.

In the meantime Mrs. Hanford and Eva were supporting the family. Eva painted scarfs, vases, cups and saucers, screens, and other decorative articles, and had a market for them in the city, where a dealer in bric-a-brac kept her supplied with orders. In the intervals of nursing her husband Mrs. Hanford wrote stories and sketches, which were sometimes accepted and paid for and sometimes declined with thanks. Between the two they kept the pot boiling, and had gotten through the father's long illness without debt, but as for continuing Dick at the academy, it was not to be thought of. Not honestly, at least, said the mother; and in this little home there was a horror of dishonesty. "Either," said the Hanfords, "we will pay our way, or we will do without what we want, no matter how much we want it."

So when Mr. Hanford, knowing that Dick understood the situation perfectly, explained that the academy bills could no longer be met, Dick, setting his lips together, and bravely keeping back the tears which came near starting, notwithstanding his fourteen years, made the best of it.

"You could not ask mamma or sister to work any harder than they do, Dick," said the father. "And it will be some time before I can take my share of the load again. Meanwhile I can carry you on with your Latin and mathematics."

But Dick understood better than his father that the preparation for college could go on with greater ease and rapidity in the classes with boys like himself, all studying heartily, and under the care of masters who were familiar with the latest methods, than at home with dear papa, whose scholarship was thorough enough, no doubt, yet whose very pronunciation of Latin was old-fashioned, according to modern views. He went to his own den in the attic, and did a little thinking. Presently he came down, and appeared in the sitting-room with overcoat and rubbers on, cap in hand.

"I suppose, papa and mamma," he said, "that a fellow may keep on at school if he can pay his own bills? I've been thinking that perhaps I can earn the money myself."

Mamma looked up brightly. "That speech has the true ring, my boy. You have my consent to do anything honorable."

Papa held out his hand. "I wish you success, Dick; but don't be too sanguine."

Eva, looking up from a lovely spray of apple blossoms which, under her deft touches, was growing on the corner of a picture-frame, exclaimed, "Please don't apprentice yourself to the livery-stable man, or become a newsboy, Dick; you would not make enough to pay for the hard work and the disagreeable associations."

"I am thinking of applying for a position in which the work is hard enough, but which will pay me very well. I am going up to Deacon Dale's to inquire whether the First church has yet found a sex on."

And shutting the door gently, the boy was off, lifting his cap to the trio as he shot like an arrow past the window where Eva bent over her dainty palette, with brush poised in the air, and a wondering expression on her face.

"Poor Dick! they'll never accept him for that work; it needs a strong man," was mamma's comment. "And I could hardly consent to it if they should," she added.

A half hour passed, and darkness was settling over the pretty room. The girl put up her paints, and made a picture of herself as she drew a little hassock up to her father, and rested her bright head against his knee. The mother, never idle if she could help it, sat in the fire-light knitting steadily, the fleecy wools rippling over her needles, and weaving themselves into a soft and snowy shawl. Outside, the wind was rising in gusts, and shook the panes and battered against the door.

"I wish Dick would come home," the mother was saying, when there was a great stamping of feet, and the sound of a merry whistle at the threshold, and presently in burst the boy with a cheery:

"Hello, little mater! Wish me joy, please. You behold the sexton pro tem. of the old church. The situation is mine for a month, on trial, and for the year, after that, if I choose to retain it."

Mrs. Hanford's sympathy with Dick might always be counted on, and she warmly congratulated him. For the sexton's salary was thirty dollars a month, and that, she well knew, would pay the boy's term bills, clothe him, and leave something over for the future. But had she foreseen precisely how much her Richard had made himself responsible for she would have been very doubtful of his power of holding out.

His father, who remembered his own childhood and the tasks he had done on a farm, was of opinion that Dick would be the stronger for a few trials. Eva, I regret to say, felt a little ashamed of her brother, or rather a little ashamed to have their necessity known to their fellow towns people. The day came when she was very much ashamed of herself for having had that momentary shame.

The new sexton found himself in business. There were the fires to be lighted and attended to on Sundays and on weekdays too, for the Church had meetings of one sort or another nearly every day. The bell had to be rung wherever there was a service, and the paths around the building to be kept clear, which of itself was no easy "chore," as the villagers said. It really seemed that winter as though the snow fell every day. All the coasting, the skating, the tobogganing, which the young people enjoyed so fully, was given up by Dick, who, as sexton, found time for no play. He protected his hands with leathern gloves and his pantaloons with overalls, and nobody saw a cloud on his face nor heard a sigh as he manfully attacked his duties. He did find time for his studies, though, and his place in his classes was higher than ever. The head master complimented him openly at chapel exercise one day, and the boys who had at first dubbed him "Old Mortality," and poked fun at his sextonship, began to be proud of him as a leader. The cold came down one February night with a sharpness which the oldest inhabitant did not recollect. There came a long period of skating—such skating as sets the blood dancing, and paints the cheeks red, and makes life a splendid holiday. Poor Dick counted on one day's frolic in the season, but on the very day he selected, the ladies gave an impromptu supper in the church parlor, which detained him, and that very night there came one of the heaviest snow falls of the whole winter.

Disappointed as he was, the sight of his little bank-book, and the thought of the gold pieces deposited every month, and the bills promptly met, comforted him very much. Then, too, his father was getting well, and Dick was not a baby to cry over trifles.

The boys, however, held an indignation meeting one day after school.

"I'll tell you what," said Lewis Hunter, "Dick Hanford won't get his skates on once this winter. It's simply too bad. I suppose when the next thaw comes it'll put an end to the ice for the year."

"I vote that we all go up to the church with shovels to-morrow morning in a regular brigade—a relief party—and help him out with his work, on condition that he goes to Crystal Lake with us in the afternoon, and skates in the annual match."

This proposition came from Ronald Dexter. It was received with acclamation, and was carried out. So with a clear conscience and a light heart Dick joined the party to the lake.

The only drawback to full enjoyment was the fact that several fellows who did not know much about skating had insisted on being of the company. Of course they did not enter the lists with those who skated for the prize—a silver pin presented by the sisters of the members of the club to the champion winner—but they skirmished about on the edges, made a great deal of noise, and occasionally met with an accident.

The number who were competing for the prize had gradually lessened till only two, Ron Dexter and Dick Hanford, almost side by side, with a long, sinuous, graceful sweep of motion, were nearing the goal. Suddenly there was a cry of distress in the rear. Ronald kept on steadily. Dick hesitated, and turned back.

It was little Jack Mason; who, fired with ambition to do his best, had skated as near the course as he dared, determined to come in as close to the goal as the winners, if he could. His skate had caught in a seamy place, and he had been thrown violently down, and was unconscious. A crowd of frightened boys presently gathered about their fallen comrade.

"He is dead," said Aleck Prime.

"Not dead, only faint," said Dick. "Don't raise him; lay him down, so, his head a little lower than his body. He'll come to presently, and then we'll turn to, bear a hand, and carry him home."

"Mother," said Dick, that evening, as he sat beside her for a few minutes' talk before bedtime, "this has been a very busy winter; but I feel as if I had grown an inch every way, not in stature alone."

"My boy," said the mother, softly.

Just then Ronald Dexter, Lewis Hunter, and a half a dozen others made a call. They were the bearers of the silver pin, which they declared belonged to Dick for his humanity in resigning his chance of winning it, that he might go to the help of little Jack.

"Take it, Dick," insisted Roland. "I should never enjoy keeping it, for you fairly gave me the race. The girls will like better that you should wear it than I. Next year we'll try again."

By next year Dick's father was completely restored to health, and there was no occasion for Dick's serving as sexton. He resigned in favor of a stout Irishman, who did not, for all his tough muscles and broad shoulders, give as much satisfaction as Dick had, for brains will tell everywhere.

The best outcome of Dick's hard winter was not reached until a few years afterward, when he was taken into Judge Arnold's office to study law.

"A plucky, trustworthy young man, with a clear purpose, and grit enough to hold on," said the judge. "I've kept my eyes on him ever since the winter he lighted the fires and rang the bell for our church, and at the same time managed to have the best examination papers in the whole academy."—*Harper's Young People.*

Glass.

Once upon a time some Phenician boatmen landed on the north coast of Africa where the little river Belus empties into the sea. A wide plain of sand lay before their eyes.

They sought for stones upon which they could rest their pans and kettles, but as none could be found they were obliged to bring from the ship some blocks of saltpetre which they had as cargo.

They made a fire, cooked their food, and then enjoyed their simple meal.

But, O, wonderful!

When they would have carried the saltpetre back to the ship they found that the fire had melted it, and it had mixed with the glowing sand. When the liquid had cooled there lay upon the ground a pure, transparent mass. This was glass. Thus the Phenicians became the discoverers of this valuable article, which is of greatest service to us.

A Funeral in Costa Rica.

A familiar sight in Costa Rica is a death procession. When some one is dying the friends send for a priest to shive him. The latter comes, not silently and solemnly, a minister of grace and consolation, but accompanied by a brass band, if the family are rich enough to pay for it (the priest receiving a liberal commission on the business), or, if they are poor, by a number of boys ringing bells and chanting hymns. Behind the band or bell-boys are two acolytes, one bearing a crucifix and the other swinging an incense urn. Then follows the priest in a wooden box or chair, covered by a canopy, and carried by four men wearing the sacramental vestments, and holding in his hand, covered with a napkin, the Host—the emblem of the body of Christ. People upon the streets kneel as the procession passes, and then follow it. Reaching the house of the dying, the band or bell ringers stand outside, making all the disturbance they can, while the priest followed by a motley rabble, enters the death chamber, administers the sacrament, and confesses the dying soul. Then the procession returns to the church as it came. Going and coming and while at the house the band plays or the bells are rung constantly, and every man, woman and child within hearing fall upon their knees, whether in the street or at their labor, and breathe a prayer for the repose of the departing spirit. Funerals are occasions of great ceremony. Notices, or avisos, as they are called, are printed and posted upon all of the dead-walls, like announcements of an auction or an opera, and printed invitations are sent to all the acquaintances of the deceased. The priests charge a large fee for attendance, proportionate to the means of the family, and when they are poor it is common for some one to solicit contributions to pay it. The spectacle of a beggar sitting at a street-corner asking alms to pay the burial fee of his wife or child is a very common one, and quite as often one can see a father carrying in his arms to the cemetery the coffin of a little one, not being able to pay for a priest and a carriage too.

Bible Puns and Conundrums.

The practice of making puns and conundrums about the Bible is increasing. I do not say that it is *always* wrong. There are some very queer things in the Bible relating to animals, the names of persons and places. Many of these names do not have any relation to religion.

But of late some persons have been using riddles and conundrums about the most serious things mentioned in the Bible—heaven, an hell, and the grave, the garden of Gethsemane, and other subjects of this kind. This is profane and should be discouraged.

The Bible is the best of all books—the only book that can teach us the way to heaven. Never make jokes about God, or heaven, or religion. We cannot be saved unless we *feel* the truth; and if we are in the habit of joking about it, we cannot feel its power.

Sunday-school teachers and parents should bear this in mind. Some of them have been known to make very irreverent witticisms about the Word of God.—*Christian Advocate.*

Provisioning a Balloon.

Expecting a long trip, we had taken food and water for three days. We had chicken, corned beef, beans, bread, crackers, hard-tack, salmon, lobsters, pickles, salt, vinegar, mixed nuts, oranges, and bananas. So you see that we were not likely to starve, had we gone, as we thought we might, into the deep wilds of Michigan or Canada. We also had hooks and lines for fish, and a keen axe, to aid us in the woods, or wherewith to chop our way out of the wreck had we been cast away on one of the great lakes. And we had an electric light for use at night. Our plans had been well laid; and had not Moore been hurt, or had not the balloon been torn at the start, our voyage would perhaps have been more to our liking.

A few final details may interest you. The last and first sound to reach us, while we were above a mile high, was the sharp shriek of a locomotive. I saw one express train as we soared above its tiny track; and it looked like a mere toy train a few inches long, which did not seem to move faster than a snail. Yet we knew that it was on its way with all its usual speed—thirty miles an hour at least.

During our voyage we ate and drank just as we might have done at a picnic.

Truly, we lived "high." A luncheon above the clouds was to me a very novel affair. I threw over the peel of an orange. Down, straight down, it shot, a flash of gold in the sun, a hundred feet—a thousand feet—a mile. Long before it struck the earth, it had gone out of sight. But, before it disappeared, it came to a point where it seemed to stand still in mid-air.—*St. Nicholas for December.*

"Hobson's Choice."

Did you know that this familiar phrase, "Hobson's Choice," preserves the memory of a very good and useful man?

Thomas Hobson was born in 1544; he was for sixty years a carrier between London and Cambridge, conveying to and from the University, letters and packages, also passengers. In addition to his express business, he had a livery stable and let horses to the University students. He made it a rule that all the horses should have, according to their ability, a proper division of work and rest. They were taken out in regular order, as they stood, beginning with the one nearest the door. No choice was allowed, and if any man refused to take the animal assigned him he might go without any. That or none. Hence the phrase "Hobson's Choice."

In the spring of 1630, the plague broke out in England. The colleges of Cambridge were closed, and among the precautions taken by the authorities to avoid infection, Hobson was forbidden to go to London.

He died in January, 1631, partly, it is said, from anxiety and fretting at his enforced leisure. Hobson was one of the wealthiest citizens of Cambridge, and did much for the benefit of the city to which he left several legacies. His death called forth many poems from members of the University, officers and students, among them two by the poet Milton, then a student at Christ's College.—*Wide Awake.*

Little Sins.

You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they creep on so stealthily that you scarcely notice them; by-and-by you will find it impossible to turn them out. I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover in three strides. The king, seeing him so small, said "Certainly." Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a huge giant, covered all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and then took his throne.

Pleasantries.

Sunday-School Teacher—What is it, Tommy, that stingeth like an adder? Pupil—(recently caught in a neighbor's pear-tree)—The end of a trunk strap.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"What's this gathering of boys in the shed this afternoon, James?" inquired his mother. "Well, you see, ma," replied Jimmy Tuffboy, "we are going to farm a 'walnut trust,' on the plan of the rubber trust, you see." "I don't quite see." "Well, this is the way. The boys all agree to get as many walnuts as ever they can an' pool in together. I'm interested 'cause I'm going to store the pool."

An Ohio preacher tried to quote the verse in Matthew about "not one jot or tittle," and said: "Not one tot or jittle." Then he saw that he had erred and tried again. "Not one jilt or tottle," said he, and again stopped. But he would not give up and began: "Not one tit or jottle;" and then with a red face he gave it up and went on with his sermon, and there were not half a dozen of his hearers who could really tell just what the two words were.

Saloon keepers who talk theology are apt to get things mixed. At least that was the fate of one who told the habitues of his bar about the Andover controversy. "Why," said he, "they ain't satisfied with a closin' up of the saloons on a Sunday, nor even the whole week, but they're bound to have prohibition after death. Only the courts has decided that's agin the law." He still had the comfort of a fellow-saloonist, who said that "the only way to beat the temperance folk is to die or go out of business." That way is yet open.—*Holyoke Transcript.*

THE MESSENGER.

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SYNDICAL EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the Office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscript.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1887.

Improving.

We learn from *Public Opinion*, published in Chambersburg, that Dr. Moses Kieffer, whose sickness at Sioux City has been announced, is convalescing and hopes to reach his home in Gettysburg at an early date.

A New President for France.

On Saturday last M. Sidi-Carnot was elected President of the French Republic in place of M. Grevy who resigned. Things looked very threatening for awhile, but it is now thought that the crisis has been tided over.

Death of Mrs. M. A. Smith.

Rev. Martin A. Smith has the sympathy of the Church in the decease of his wife, which took place at Nazareth, Pa., on the 31 inst. The funeral will take place on Wednesday, the 7th inst., at 1.30 P. M., just at the time when many will be reading this notice. In spirit they will be with their afflicted brother at the sad hour, and join in a prayer that the Gospel of Jesus and the resurrection he has preached to others may sustain him in his bereavement.

Relatives Provided For.

A remarkable example of the way in which Nepotism can be practiced in the Church of England, was called to mind at the recent consecration of the Truro Cathedral. Rev. William Walpole Keppel, Registrar of the Dioceses of Exeter and Truro, whose deputy read the petition praying for the ceremony, holds his office by appointment of his grandfather, who died in 1778. Bishop Keppel, the wily ancestor, who married a niece of Horace Walpole, was consecrated in 1762, and managed to quarter his family upon the diocese for one hundred and twenty five years. He granted the office of Registrar by patent for three lives, and the grandson, now in his 87th year, still holds the lucrative sinecure.

A Scene in Court.

Last week a little boy "dressed neatly in a knickerbocker suit, with a wide white collar and pretty neck-tie," was brought to the prisoner's dock on the charge of stealing. Judge Gordon arrested the giving of the evidence, and called the pastor of the boy, who gave a good account of him. Although the evidence would have been sufficient to convict the lad, the judge took the responsibility of instructing the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. Then he called the parents and reminded them, in a way that ought to be a lesson for others, that the children of church members may regularly attend Sunday school, and yet go to ruin if not cared for at home and on the streets. The scene was an impressive one. The quality of mercy was not strained in keeping from the child the mark of a condemned felon, which he would have borne all his life through. It is felt now, by the best penologists, that crime may be prevented, rather than encouraged by such a course as Judge Gordon pursued; but the whole incident ought to remind parents of the danger their children are in when they least suspect it.

An Alert Schoolmaster.

The *Atlantic Monthly* tells of a "Principal of a Public School" in this State, who sends a letter with the request that it be forwarded to Nathaniel Hawthorne. In the letter, Mr. Hawthorne is told that the school official is interested in a literary fair to raise money for a Public Library. The deceased author is asked for his autograph with any sentiment he feels like expressing. There is also a hint that Mr. Hawthorne's photograph, or any one of his books, directly from him, would aid the good cause in a community where he is so justly popular. The *Atlantic* says:

"Though we are quite positive touching Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's whereabouts, it does not fall in with our inclination at the moment to deliver the letter in propria persona, nor is it in our power to transmit it to him by mail. Owing to the glaring inefficiency of our temporary and corrupt administration no postoffice has been established in Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne's district, although his sympathies have ever been with the democratic party."

It felicitates the little town in which the author of the letter lives, "on having its educational system under the eye of so alert and enterprising a gentleman." And then it prints the letter "with an indefinable trust that it will in some inscrutable way be conveyed" to Mr. Hawthorne's "intelligence."

Canon Taylor's Lecture on "Islam."

There are, and perhaps will be, until the Millennium dawns, theological dyspeptics ready to throw ink over the skies and shroud even the future of God's kingdom with doubt. In their view everything is succeeding except Christianity. Sin in Gospel lands, and the progress of paganism, threaten to overwhelm and defeat the ultimate intentions of Christ to fallen man. A representative of these grumblers came to the front when Dr. Isaac Taylor read his paper on "Islam" before a recent Church Congress. The despondent Canon seemed bent on inviting some one to pulverize him—the only process by which his dark figure can be taken from between the eye of the beholder and the Sun of Righteousness whose beams we are assured will dispel the gloom of the earth.

As usual, Canon Taylor appeals to statistics. "Figures won't lie," is a maxim that is held by many who forget that figures not supplemented by other figures may tell the worst kind of lies. Thus Canon Taylor "proves" that the Moslems of India have increased by 6,000,000 since 1871, by deducting the Mohammedan population at one date from that of another; but some innocent person comes out and shows that the worthy ecclesiastic included the feudatory population in his later totals which were not former statements. And so nearly half of his supposed increase of the followers of the false prophet are disposed of by a merciless bit of arithmetic.

Canon Taylor is betrayed into the folly of paying many compliments to the prophet of Ali and his followers, especially in commending their consistency. In his panegyric—his odious comparisons between Christians and pagans, he forgets the fundamental differences which may account largely for the apparent success of the latter. In the first place, the sword was the main reliance of Mohammedanism from the beginning, and outward tyrannical rule still enters into it as a dominant element. Then too, sensual indulgence, which was allowed by Mahomet, is a great cause of its spread. It is not a religion that teaches men that denying all ungodliness, they must live righteously in this present world. There is no law of sin to be reversed.

Some one has said that the real difference between Mahomedans and Christians is that the former live up to the tenets of their religion while the latter do not. The theory of the latter is sounder than their practice, and the practice of the former is sounder than their theory. There may be a telling truth rebuke in the fact that pagans will sacrifice so much to their false systems, but neither this, nor their increase argues anything for their salvation. The progress is simply a downward gravitation in the road that leads to death.

Proclaiming the Banns.

The decree of the last Catholic Council of Baltimore, making it obligatory to publish the banns of marriage is said to be strictly enforced in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. It would, perhaps, be hard for the Protestant Churches to make such a rule in this country, but if religious sentiment could be toned up to it the effect would be good. The law of the Catholic Church requires that the names of both parties to the engagement be publicly announced on three successive Sundays in their respective parish churches.

The object of the law is to discover impediments to marriage, such as those growing out of consanguinity, previous marriages, minority, and proper objections on the part of parents and friends. The shrinking from the publicity thus given to matrimonial intentions is largely

due to a natural unwillingness to have private affairs paraded before communities, but the diffidence in so holy a matter may be unhealthy sentimentality. It is a question whether attempted secrecy does not promote rather than prevent gossip. There is less of it after cards and invitations are sent out, or when, as the fashion now is, engagements have been authoritatively announced in the newspapers.

In England and other countries where there are established churches, the necessity for the publication of banns is, as we think, a State regulation, as well as an ecclesiastical rule. And it may be necessary in time to have some civil law on the subject in this country, for the preservation of the family. In these days of clandestine marriages, and bigamy, and desertions, and divorces, some better registration may be necessary for the purity of our social system. A law for the further regulation of such a fundamental institution as matrimony, would be on an equality with that which in some States now requires the parties to take out a license.

Certain it is that the family needs all the safeguards that can be thrown around it. In the United States there are now more broken ties than in France where all social obligations are thought to be very lax. There were in that country 1240 divorces granted in 1885, but that was the first year of the divorce law, and in many cases it was used to legalize previous separations. In the last twelve months there were only 488 cases, certainly less than we have here. What is remarkable is that most of the divorces in Paris occurred in the richer quarters, among people of intelligence and social standing.

With us separations from holy bonds are so common that they may be obtained without special remark. In Chicago there have been issued marriage certificates with divorce coupons attached. This may be regarded as a joke but it shows a familiarity with broken relations that bodes no good.

Communications.

An Appeal.

Bethany Orphans' Home.

Our family of church orphans is larger this year than it ever was before; it is twice as large as in any of our other homes, and it is still increasing—hence we need not only continued but increasing support. (By church orphans we mean those orphans who are entirely dependent upon the church for support.) It is hard to deny the appeal of deserving children for admission to the Home, and yet we have hardly the means for supporting our present number; in fact, we are running into debt. Here is a work worthy of all Christian commendation, to take these unfortunate little ones, to feed, clothe and educate them, and especially to give them a Christian training. Who can tell the moulding influence such a home has upon a large class of children who otherwise would be neglected or only very poorly cared for and trained? Our farm is made to do its share towards the support of the Home, but ask any farmer with sixty-five acres, and a family of half a dozen children to support, how much he can lay by in a year, and then think of our family of eighty-four persons and our sixty-five (65) acres of cultivated land! How are we to support this family! By the response you give to the words of Christ: "Feed my lambs." If you are able and have never contributed to this cause, then let not this Christmas season come and go, thinking only of the pleasure and benefit that it will bring to you and yours. Whilst you are preparing gifts for parents, children and friends, do not forget that there is a large number of orphans who are made just as happy as others by little gifts; and above all, that they are looking to you as the stewards of God for the necessities of life. If you have heretofore contributed, remember that as our family is larger this year, we need more support. The Christmas season is the children's season—your children's and ours; and whilst we would not ask you to diminish your contributions to other charities at other seasons of the year, at this time may we not hopefully look for a bountiful contribution to pay the debts which we have necessarily incurred, and to pay our current expenses.

Yours in Christ,
THOS. M. YONDT, Superintendent.
Womelsdorf, Pa., Dec. 1, 1887.

A Reply.

The article, "Why Is It?" in the MESSENGER of last week plainly shows that the recent circulars of the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the personal letters to J. A. H., in regard to our interests in Japan, are not satisfactory. The request of our dear brother for an open reply may be imprudent, but it affords the opportunity for another statement to the whole Church.

The writer cannot withhold the remark, that, before he became the Secretary and prior to the return of the Missionary, he never heard a whisper against the policy of the Board, but since he is in office, many cruel attacks have been made both in public and in private. Somebody has sown the seed of discord and unless we can uproot it, it will do harm to the cause so dear to the hearts of all loyal Christians.

We fondly hope and earnestly pray, that this reply will enable the "zealous" friends

of our promising mission in Japan, to sheathe the sword and to grasp the towel, for then only will the Lord bless the labors of our hands.

1. In regard to the pledges made by the three German Synods for the outfit and passage money of the Rev. D. B. Schneider and wife, we reply—

Yes, the pledges of the Germans are worth something; they will pay them; we trust them; but the Board could not procure the outfit and tickets for the new missionary with these pledges. They are good, but no business man will receive them as cash. In the "circular," to which reference is made, the Board does not ask the Church at large to contribute for Brother Schneider, but to the present pressing needs of the Mission. Our dear German brethren will redeem their pledges, and no one doubts it.

2. The Board will begin the erection of buildings, as soon as four thousand dollars have been secured. A resolution to that effect appears on the minutes.

The Treasurer yielded to the orders of the Board, directing him to borrow, for the emergency, from the Building fund, viz: For travelling expenses of Bro. Schneider, incurred in visiting all the Synods of the Church, sixty dollars and sixty cents; expenses in attending farewell missionary meeting at Akron, Ohio, twenty dollars; for his outfit and freight on goods, six hundred dollars; for fare and passage money, self and wife, eight hundred dollars; and on account of salary, to begin on his arrival in Japan, three hundred dollars; making in all to Rev. D. B. Schneider, seventeen hundred and eighty dollars and sixty cents. There was also required to be paid to the missionaries now in Japan, for salaries, rents, etc., etc., up to March 1, 1888, the further sum of eighteen hundred and eighty-five dollars; this making, together with the amount required for Bro. Schneider, three thousand six hundred and sixty-five dollars and sixty cents; all this independent of the salary and travelling expenses paid to Bro. Gring.

When the Board directed the Treasurer to use of the Building fund, for the emergency, the sums above named, there was in the treasury thirty-five hundred and two dollars and ninety-six cents. Every dollar of which belonged to the Building fund. The Board is determined to keep good faith with those who contribute to the Building fund and not to divert the fund to any other use. When they state that there are no funds in the treasury, it is meant that there is none for current expenses.

Verily, this bare statement should be satisfactory. If not, why not?

The Board has been pleading for the funds to supply the home comforts and school facilities for the missionaries in the field. Instead of heeding this loud and frequent call, a new issue has been sprung upon us—the sending forth of another male missionary.

The reply of the Board to these earnest and well-meaning brethren—"at this time it is utterly impossible to call another male missionary," "and therefore they cannot receive any funds for that purpose," has led to the open rupture, not only with J. A. H., but with the missionary himself, as is painfully evident from his communications in the church papers.

3. It is a matter of profound regret that hints are given now and then, here and there, that the bulk of the members of the Board live within the bounds of the old mother Synod. Let it be understood that the Board is not a self-perpetuating institution. It is the creature of the General Synod, and "if the English speaking Synods have no, or scarce, a voice in the Board," the fault lies not with the Board. The remedy is plain.

The Board consists of eight members from the Synod of the United States, and one each from the German Synod of the East, Potomac Synod, Ohio Synod, and Central German Synod. A moment's reflection would make it apparent to "J. A. H." that the General Synod meant no disrespect to any Synod, and that the reason of electing the large majority from the East, was only because that it would involve far less expense for travelling, and that a quorum could be more easily obtained. Does the brother mean to insinuate that the members from the Synod of the United States have had anything to do with placing themselves in the Board, or that they have improperly carried any measure by force of their majority? Such a complaint is puerile and unworthy of its maker.

Is it wise for the Board to send out more men when the Church does not furnish the means to meet the present urgent demands?

Certainly, we could enlarge our foreign work, and none would do it more gladly than the members of the Board, but will the people call us faithful stewards if we involve them in a hopeless debt when there is no emergency? If two ladies can manage a girls' school at Sendai, is it impossible for two men, Revs. Moore and Oshikawa, to get along with a boys' school at Yamagata? To say that Bro. Moore may get sick, and therefore we should send an additional helper is a weak argument. It seems very strange, that the contract with the Governor of Yamagata (the contract is made as a private individual) does not mention a word about two foreign teachers.

The Church should understand that the boys' school at Yamagata is in no sense our school. It was established by the people of that city, and all that we have to do with it, according to the contract, is to furnish one male teacher. In consideration of this, the school authorities are to pay to our Mission one hundred and twenty-five yen per month and find a dwelling for our missionary. If they fulfill their contract it will yield about thirteen hundred dollars in gold per year, which will be appropriated by the Board to evangelistic purposes. The salary to Bro. Moore is to go on as usual, and must be remitted by the Treasurer to Bro. Moore as before. The arrangement is no saving to the Board, except that it is a contribution by the Yamagata people to evangelistic work in Japan.

It is true, our missionaries plead for more men, but they also plead for better buildings. Which cry is the loudest? The erection of school buildings and a residence for the lady teachers is the duty of the present hour. Will the Church help the Board to do "the one thing needful?"

The plea for more money is natural, and we do not wonder that when they hear the cry of the Japanese for spiritual help, they send their stirring appeals to us. But why fret and worry themselves and the Church because the wheels of the Lord's chariot do not move more rapidly. More than thirty millions of Japanese are without the Gospel.

If the eight hundred ministers of our Church were all sent over this year, they would not be sufficient to supply the destitution. We are not called upon by the Word of God to borrow money or to go into debt to send missionaries. We are required to do all we can, but when we reflect that it is not nine years since we began the work in Japan, we should, instead of fretting that we are not doing more, thank God that so much has been accomplished in view of our total inexperience when we began, and of the fact that in proportion to our means and the time which has been given, the results compare favorably with the work of any other mission in Japan.

The theological training school under Bro. Hoy and Bro. Schneider, when the latter shall have arrived to help him, the girls' school under Miss Poorbaugh and Miss Ault, together will afford sufficient work for us to undertake just now. These with preaching and Sabbath School work, administering the sacraments, evangelistic and local spiritual work, we have the men and the means to accomplish. After a while, more can be safely undertaken.

To begin many things and to finish nothing is not the spirit of the Master-workman. Let us do one thing well, and in that act will lie the strength for greater works.

4. The call for a lady teacher has been issued. The Board is satisfied with the pledge given by the Woman's Missionary Society of the Pittsburgh Synod. Mrs. P. Keil, secretary of the Society, writes:—"I see no reason why the woman shall not be ready by the first of June." We know it will be sent by that time. God bless these women.

Brethren: It is our earnest wish that this statement may suffice. "Let us do nothing to dampen our zeal, or hinder the work. Nay, we have but the one prayer, and that is: that the work of the Lord may prosper in our hands."

Very affectionately yours,
A. R. BARTHOLOMEW, Secretary.
Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 25, 1887.

Rededication in Washington, D. C.

Sunday, November 27th, was a joyous day for our mission church in Washington. The occasion for joy was the rededication of their house of worship. Since the chapel was completed the congregation has expended about \$1,500 in the way of improvement. This includes the erection of the tower and of a room for the infant Sunday-school. Recently, however, the sum of \$250 was expended in frescoing, in painting and varnishing the pews, and in placing a velvet carpet in the chancel, and after this last improvement it was thought proper to have a service of rededication. The day was exceptionally beautiful, one of those exquisite Indian-summer days that Washington is accustomed to enjoy in the month of November. A large audience assembled to join in the service (large for this mission congregation), the pastor, Rev. C. F. Sontag, conducted the opening of the worship, and Dr. Thos. G. Apple, of Lancaster, Pa., preached the sermon.

The whole service was deeply impressive, and was joined in heartily by the congregation in their appointed parts. A still larger congregation assembled in the afternoon at 4 o'clock, when a union service was held. Revs. J. O. Johnson and Elterich, of the Reformed Church, and the neighboring Washington pastors, Revs. Kelley, Patch and Ramsdell, of the Presbyterian, Power of the Christian, Dr. Domer of the Lutheran, Green of the Baptist and Dashiell of the Methodist Church, occupied seats in the chancel and made appropriate addresses, which were responded to in behalf of the congregation by Dr. Apple. It was a pleasure to listen to these addresses of sympathy and encouragement from the neighboring pastors of different denominations. They all expressed the kindest regards for Brother Sontag, and warm interest in the work of his mission congregation, showing that it has already made an impression, and obtained a good reputation among the churches in that section of the city. We were impressed with the cordiality with which these pastors welcomed our mission church and its work. Time was when a different feeling prevailed among different denominations in relation to each other, a feeling of rivalry, if not of opposition. But that time has passed, and is passing away, and a different spirit has come to take its place, a spirit of union and co-operation in the one common work of all the churches. And this feeling anticipated, as we trust, the spirit that will prevail at the approaching meeting on the 7-9 of December in the capital of our nation.

The mission (Grace) chapel at Washington presents a beautiful appearance on its exterior, and still more in its interior. It does not look like an abortive church, but its proportions and decorations are so complete that it compares favorably with the best city churches, except, of course, in size. We congratulate Brother Sontag and his mission congregation upon this, as one of the results of their diligent labors. The expense incurred was nearly all raised by the Ladies' Aid Society, not on the Geometrical plan. If any one desires to know how they did it he can doubtless find out by applying to the pastor.

Any one who meets with the active and energetic congregation worshipping in this neat chapel, will realize that such a mission church is called for in Washington city, and that it has been making fair progress, not moving slowly. It was no easy or light matter to establish such a church of our denomination at this late day in that city, with the limited means at its command. What is yet needed is, that a church shall be erected on the lot in front of the chapel, and that will come, with a congregation to fill it, in its own time. Only let us feel that our Reformed church has come to stay in the capital of our nation. Though not one of the largest denominations of this country, yet our historical importance entitles us to be represented in that city. Should the two sister Reformed churches, the Dutch and German, become united, they will unitedly represent the Reformed Church of the 16th century in a fitting proportion, and be prepared to act with good effects in the co-operation of historic churches, in this new world.

The membership of the mission church we are noticing numbers between 80 and 100. It might be supposed that it should be larger, but it must be remembered that much of the population in Washington is fluctuating. There are only a few of the members remaining in the congregation who entered the original organization. Still, the places vacat-

ed by removals are filled by others coming to Washington, and the number of members is gradually increasing.

Some years have passed away since our last visit to Washington previous to this. Every where one sees marks of improvement, especially in the West End, more exactly in the North West. A pleasant drive with a good horse out to the Soldiers' Home and through its beautiful grounds, and to other points of interest, formed a feature of this last visit. It was towards the close of an exceptionally beautiful day, while the sun was sinking towards the horizon, and the beautiful sunset was followed by a clear moonlight evening, as from an elevation we had a view of the exquisite *capitol-dome*, that thing of beauty, rising so grandly in silvery light above the extended city. The scene still lives in our imagination, and it will go with us until the reality appears again before us, should it so happen, in some future visit. Washington is growing to be the most beautiful of American cities.

In this brief visit we met some relatives whom we had not seen for a number of years. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. Albright, one of the earliest and one of the most active members of the mission, and at his pleasant home we enjoyed the company of Brother Sontag, and Brother J. O. Johnson and Dr. S. H. Giesy who called upon us. Though now in another branch of the Christian Church we soon came to feel in his company that Dr. Giesy still lives and breathes in the same theological atmosphere as in earlier days, the remembrance of which our conversation soon called up in our minds. He is at the head of the most important Episcopal church in Washington. Although grown somewhat silvered by the passing years, yet he remains as youthful in spirit and as genial in companionship as in former days. Brother Johnson's countenance beams as brightly also as ever, and with both these brothers we spent a most delightful evening.

T. G. A.

Meeting of Wyoming Classis.

On Thursday, November 17th, 1887, the Wyoming Classis held a special meeting at Conyngham, Luzerne county, Pa., and transacted, among other things, the following items of business:

Received the Rev. J. B. Kerschner from East Susquehanna Classis, confirmed a call to him from the Conyngham charge, and installed him as pastor of the same. The Rev. S. C. Meckel, of Plymouth, preached the installation sermon in English, giving some fatherly advice to pastor and people.

Received the student of theology, Mr. Aaron Noll, under its care.

Made provision to pay our missionaries—Meckel at Plymouth, Mutchler at Dushore, and Miller at Hazelton—their pro rata salary until the appropriation from the Board of Missions goes into effect.

In the matter of the Union Chapel at Lintner's school-house, the whole subject was committed to the discretion of the pastor and the consistory of St. John's church, to act as circumstances may determine.

A committee was appointed with power to aid our congregation at Nanticoke in resuming its proper efficiency, and to prosecute any measures, amicable or legal, to secure to the Reformed people at Nanticoke the possession of their church property. The committee consists of Revs. F. K. Levan, A. M. Masenheimer and J. B. Kerschner.

Services were also held in the evening, when Rev. Masenheimer preached an edifying sermon.

F. K. L.

Sunday-School Convention.

The Sunday-school and Missionary Convention of the Mercersburg Classis met in Waynesboro on Monday evening, Nov. 21st, at 7 o'clock in Trinity Reformed church. Rev. Bahner was then elected President; W. J. Hassinger, of Williamson, Secretary, and Dr. A. H. Strickler, Treasurer.

The first topic, "The importance of the thorough study of the Lesson in the Family," was then discussed by Elder Wm. Dice, Revs. Hassler and Cort. The second topic on "The Use and Abuse of Lesson Paper," was discussed by Revs. P. A. Long, I. M. Motter and F. F. Bahner.

On Tuesday morning, "Music in the Sunday-school—What should it be?" was earnestly discussed in a thorough manner by Revs. Long, Cort, Knappenberger, Hassler, Motter and Bahner and Elder Dice. The sentiment was decidedly in favor of reform in Sunday-school and church music, both as regards the nature of hymns and tunes so as to conform better with the idea of Christian worship, in harmony with what it ought to be in the public services of the sanctuary.

"What should be the Length of the Sunday-school Lessons?" was then discussed by Linn Harbaugh, Esq., Revs. Cort, Motter, Hassler and Bahner. In the afternoon Rev. W. C. Cremer and Rev. C. Cort discussed the subject of "Missions from 500, A. D., to 1000, A. D.," giving a graphic account of the heroic labor of St. Patrick, Columba, Austin, &c., in Great Britain and of Columban, Gall, Fridolin, Boniface, Ansgar, &c., in Europe among the Germanic tribes, the Scandinavians, &c. "Woman's Work and Influence in the cause of Missions," was then discussed by Revs. Miller, Cort, Knappenberger, Motter, Cremer, Dr. Russell, Bahner and Elder Heyser in a very spirited manner.

In the evening Rev. G. B. Russell, D. D., spoke on "The work of the Sunday-school in the Cause of Missions" and Rev. I. M. Motter and Dr. G. W. Aughinbaugh, President of Mercersburg College, on "The present Missionary opportunities and the Master's call to meet them." A number of questions were answered by the ministerial brethren. A couple of them growing out of the discussion in regard to Woman's proper sphere in the Missionary and other work of the Church elicited some spirited remarks from Revs. Knappenberger, Motter and Cort.

The convention adopted the appended series of resolutions after several amendments.

Your committee would recommend especially that the following items, impressed and emphasized at this convention be read to each Sunday school and congregation within the bounds of Classis, so that the influence of our lessons may reach as large a number of families and individuals as possible, and thus redound to the glory of God, the good of His people and the advancement of His Kingdom.

Item 1. *Resolved*, That this convention recognizes the Bible as the only true and divinely inspired Record of the Revelation of God in Christ; that it should be read and studied by parents and teachers in the home;

that parents should take special pains to study the Sunday-School lesson from week to week with their children; that they use the lesson papers only as an aid to the better understanding of God's Word; that they see to it, that at least a portion of the lesson be regularly committed to memory.

Item 2. *Resolved*, That the music in the Sunday-school be in harmony in tune, sentiment and spirit with that which is used in the regular services of the sanctuary, that special care be exercised in the selection of hymns, chants, songs and carols for the Sunday-school, so that none be taken except those which contain sound theological Biblical truths, which possess the spirit of true devotion which will build up the young in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and which will prepare them to worship the True God in the beauty of holiness when they become full members of the Christian Church.

Item 3. *Resolved*, That women's work and influence are a power in advancing the Kingdom of the dear Redeemer, and that the females in our congregation be encouraged in all their missionary operations, which are in harmony with the teaching of God's Word, and which will result in putting the glad tidings of salvation within the reach of those, who are still in heathenish darkness and without the blessings and hopes of our holy religion.

Item 4. *Resolved*, That from the enthusiasm, self-denials and successes of the missionaries and their female helpers in the Church from A. D. 500 to A. D. 1000, we learned lessons, that will stimulate us to imitate their blessed example, as far as we can, in spirit and act, by improving all the grand missionary opportunities, that present themselves to us in our day, that God's kingdom may be enlarged. His name glorified and that our memory may be cherished as fervently by future generations, as we do, that of those, who have thus gone before us in the way of life, and who are now resting from their labors in the enjoyment of that full salvation purchased by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

J. W. KNAPPENBERGER,
J. HASSLER,
WILLIAM DICE,
Committee on Resolutions.

Church Almanac for 1888.

Orders for our Almanac for 1888 are coming in far beyond those of any previous year. We are glad to see that the improvements in it are so generally appreciated, and hope every pastor in the Church will see that all the households within the bounds of his charge, are supplied with it.

Help to circulate it so that it may fulfil its mission and be of benefit to the Church.

SUPERINTENDENT.

Sunday-School and Church Work Convention.

A very successful and highly gratifying session of the Carroll county district Sunday-school and Church Work Convention of Maryland Classis was held in Jerusalem congregation at Bachman's Mill, Md., on November 21st, 22d and 23d. The following pastors were present: Rupp, pastor loci, Noss, Deatrack, Ditzler, Souders and Stoner, also Bowman and Dittmar of the endowment committee. Three sessions a day were held and the following topics were discussed: 1. "Religion a Life—Its Conditions: Family Church." 2. "Religious Training of Young in Family, Sunday-school, Catechetical class, Church, (Children in Church)." 3. "Christian Worship, Song, Prayer, Almsgiving, (Law of Giving)." 4. "Growth of Church—Missions—Home, Foreign, Our Duty." 5. "Sunday-school. Origin, Design, Teaching, Worship, Almsgiving, Celebrations." 6. "Institutions of Church, Colleges, Seminaries, Their Wants." 7. "Endowment movement, Church paper and its Benefits." The 8th topic, "Sabbath Observance" was not reached on account of a funeral occupying the time of the Wednesday morning session.

CHAIRMAN OF DISTRICT.

Notes from Mechanicstown.

The communion of the Lord's Supper was celebrated in Creagerstown Reformed Church Sunday morning, October 23.

The communion was administered to Trinity Reformed congregation Sunday, October 30. The number of guests was large. At the monthly missionary meeting in the evening of the same day the pastor preached on "the need of more ministers and how to supply the need."

Very interesting exercises were rendered at the monthly meeting of the missionary society, Apples church last Sunday evening. After the devotional services select readings were given by Misses Florence Stansberry, Lilly Groshon and Amelia Miller. The pastor made a short address and read several selections.

A very large congregation assembled at Apples church last Sunday on the occasion of the semi annual communion of the congregation. Two young ladies were confirmed. The alms of the people will be devoted to the benevolent institutions of the church.

Sunday, Nov. 6, 1887, was a red-letter day in the Rocky Ridge Reformed Church. The communion was very large—the largest in the history of the congregation.

A very large congregation was present at the monthly Missionary meeting in the evening, the exercises of which were as follows: Anthem, Reading of Scripture, Prayer, Hymn, 325, Recitation by Fannie Hames, Recitation by Orpha Eyler, Duet and Chorus, Recitation, May Biggs, Missionary Colloquy by six girls bearing banners inscribed, Spain, India, China, Africa, Persia, and America, song by Maggie Groshon, Recitations, Ora Whitmore and Edgar Biggs. The last named at the close of his speech passed a missionary box, which was afterwards found to contain \$1.35. Song by all the children. It was announced that the treasury contained \$25—the accumulations from monthly offerings since the meetings of classes in May. The Communion Collection Children's Day was \$552; Harvest, \$587. After the meeting, a young lady handed the pastor a five dollar gold piece for Foreign Missions, and another a silver dollar for the same purpose. This makes the offering of the congregation for benevolence for the past six months \$47.80.

An Appeal.

To the Woman's Missionary Society of the Pittsburgh Synod.

At the late meeting of this society, a pledge was made to raise six hundred dollars during the coming year for the outfit of a lady missionary. The Board of Foreign Missions has since announced that Miss Ault's resignation will take effect at the first of June, 1888, and that her successor ought to be in Japan by that time. If the six hundred dollars pledged by the society of this Synod can be raised by that time, we shall be six months ahead of our calculation. Cannot our pledge be redeemed by April 1, 1888? For the encouragement of those who may think that the whole amount is still to be raised, I may say that one hundred and twenty-five dollars are now in the treasury of our society, already appropriated to this fund. This leaves four hundred and seventy-five dollars to be raised in the next five months. Can it not be done, and the whole amount be placed in the hands of our treasurer by the first of April?

We must be up and doing if we wish to come forward with promptness to this call! Our winter's work is before us; it is worth all of our best efforts, and we are pledged to it, not only by our words, but by our deepest feelings; may God help us in our endeavors!

JEAN M. CRAIG.

President Woman's Missionary Society of Pittsburgh Synod.
Pittsburgh, Pa., November 25, 1887.

A Church Consecrated.

Mt. Bethel is one of the five congregations that constitute the Nittany charge, of which Rev. D. O. Shoemaker is pastor. It is located six or seven miles west of Lock Haven, in Clinton county, Pa., within the bounds of W. Susquehanna Classis. The church is a brick structure of which the dimensions are 42x30 feet. It was erected about the year 1852, during the pastorate of Rev. W. R. Yearick, who was the first minister in the charge after its construction. Having preached in a school-house near by for several years, he organized the congregation the year before the church was built. The location is in one of the most beautiful farming communities of the valley. The time was when this congregation was quite a respectable body as to numbers, but by death and removals it has been reduced to a mere handful of thirty-five. These remaining few are strong in Christian character, intelligence, and influence, and heroic in deeds for the cause of the Lord in general, and for their beloved Bethel in particular.

During the thirty-five years of its history, this church gradually and ever more plainly gave evidence of the ravages of time and storm. At last, when its glory had entirely faded away, its cracked ceiling, smoked walls and generally cheerless aspect outside and in, demanded renewing or rebuilding at the hands of the congregation. The noble band of thirty-five, all but one or two already oppressed with heavy debts, determined that it shall be done. The church was in such a condition that the repairs were necessarily so extensive as to be almost equal to the building of a new church. Notwithstanding the greatness of the task for so few and other difficulties commonly encountered, the work was commenced in faith, and successfully completed at a cost of \$2100. The gallery was torn out, the large square windows were partly closed and given a gothic shape; the roof was made entirely new, and steeper; elegant new pews, pulpit, altar, chairs, lamps and carpets replaced the old; a tower was built to the front; the entire exterior woodwork and brick were painted, and the interior was beautifully frescoed. In short, the entire work was done in accordance with the motto, "What we do, let us do right." The result is, that the church is a very pleasing object to the eye, and a comfortable spiritual home. One of the attractions in it is the beautiful landscape painting, behind the pulpit, by Mrs. Maggie Knecht, one of the ladies of the congregation.

Sunday, November 20, was appointed for the consecration of the church to the service of God. Although the weather was cold and cheerless, it was a day of rejoicing to the congregation, and the church was full of interested people from the surrounding community and adjacent congregations. Rev. W. H. H. Snyder, of Bellefonte, preached an excellent sermon, in which he dwelt upon the origin and history of the Reformed Church. Nothing could have been more appropriate to the occasion. In the spirit of charity towards all, he clearly set forth her distinctive features, her dignity and character as a living branch of the Holy Catholic Church.

The amount of \$615, necessary to cancel the remaining indebtedness on the repairs, was secured within about \$80. This balance was promptly assumed by the building committee, after which the consecration was formally conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Faber, of the Lutheran Church, was present and participated in the services. The writer preached on Saturday and Sunday evenings. Much interest was added to the occasion by the choir, under the leadership of Professor Cyrus Kryder, who always finds pleasure in devoting his talents to the service of the Lord and of His Church. Altogether, there was good cause for the expression, which we overheard as it fell from the lips of one whose countenance gave proof of what he said: "We had a grand day of it here;" and that the pastor's reply may be fully realized is the sincere wish of

For Christmas.

We direct attention to "Letters to Boys and Girls about the first Christmas" as a suitable Christmas present to Sunday-school scholars and young people generally. Price, 75 cents; but clubs of ten, or more persons, can procure copies at wholesale prices, or 50 cents a volume. The books can be had at this office, or by addressing the author, at Lancaster, Pa., Theodore Appel.

Rev. H. K. Binkley has secured 14 subscribers for THE MESSENGER and 4 for the Hausfreund in the Ringtown congregation, of which Rev. W. B. Sandoe is pastor. Only one congregation of the charge has been canvassed.

A VALUABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR ANY ONE.

We suggest THE MESSENGER as a suitable and valuable Christmas Gift to a son, daughter, friend or some worthy member of the Church. It is not costly, and yet will prove of great benefit to the receiver.

Send in the names and \$2.00 in cash for each—that the weekly visits of the Church paper may begin with the NEW YEAR.

Address,

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
Philadelphia.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS.

To those wishing suitable presents for Christmas we have to offer the following books of our own publishing and those of other houses:

Three Christmas Eves, \$1.50
Letters to Boys and Girls about the First Christmas, by Rev. Theo. Appel, D. D., 75
Sunshine for 1887, bound, 75
Hymn Books, of all kinds and sizes, from 50 cents to \$4.00
Forms and Hymns, small, bound in Turkey, gilt, and in case, two styles, \$4.00 and \$5.00

Order of Worship, in different styles, From \$1.25 to \$3.50
Order of Worship and Hymns, in different styles, From \$1.75 to \$4.00
Directory of Worship, From .75 to \$2.50
Directory of Worship and Hymns, embossed, \$1.50
Harbaugh's Future Life, 3 vols., . . . \$4.00
Lives of the Fathers of the Reformed Church, 5 vols., \$5.50
See also List of Books in next Column.

All sent postpaid on receipt of price.

BIBLES ALL STYLES AND SIZES.

Also, Books of any publisher and Juvenile Illustrated Books at Half Price.

Christmas Cards in quantities, etc. etc.

ADDRESS:

Reformed Church Publication Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS CANDY BOXES.

We will fill orders for Candy Boxes at the following prices:

¼lb. ½lb. 1lb.
Folding, \$1.50 \$1.50 \$1.75 per 100
Baskets, 2.00 "

Will not be responsible for any order after the 20th of December. Samples sent on application. Address

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

SUPPLIES FOR CHRISTMAS, 1887.

We offer a new Service for Christmas, with music, designed for permanent use, entitled, "Order of Worship for Christmas,"

at 100 copies \$4.50 postpaid; single copy, 5 cts. postpaid.

Also Service No. 1—Whitmer's—per 100, \$3. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6, per 100, \$2 each. Nos. 5, 7, 8 and 9, with music (reduced price), \$4. Postage on all 50 cents extra.

Full set of ten sent for 25 cents, postpaid. We are also able to supply, in any quantity, services and annuals, with carols, published by Emma Pitt, Asa Hull, J. J. Hood, Biglow & Main, and others. Sample copies, 5 cents each.

Send in orders in good time.

Address,

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE DIRECTORY OF WORSHIP.

A new edition of the Directory of Worship has just been issued. They can be had at present only in three styles of binding, and hereafter at the following prices, fixed by the General Synod's Committee:

Muslin, \$.75
Imitation, 1.25
Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, . . . 2.50
Directory of Worship and Hymns for the Reformed Church, Embossed, plain, bound together, \$1.50

All postpaid, with the usual discount to the trade, and when ordered in large quantities.

Congregations wishing to introduce them will be allowed a special price for introduction—to continue for six weeks.

All orders to be addressed to

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 Arch Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Department.

REV CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER:

\$2.00 a year, in advance, postage included. Six copies to one address for one year, \$10.00.

No paper discontinued, except at the option of the publishers, unless orders are sent direct to the Publication Office at least two weeks before the time subscribed for expires, and all arrears are paid.

The publishers will not be responsible for notice given to an agent or postmaster.

When arrears for more than a year are due, they are collected through a solicitor.

The date appended to the subscriber's name on the slip pasted on each paper, indicates the day and year to which he has paid.

Renewals should be made, if possible, before the date transpires. If two issues are allowed to be sent after that time, and a notice to discontinue is then received, the subscriber will be charged for the six months commenced.

Remittances should be made by Check, Draft, Postal Money Order or Registered Letter, and to be made payable to the order of the Reformed Church Publication Board.

Should you remit, and on examining the label on your paper you do not find the proper credit given after two weeks have elapsed, please inform us by postal, so that any failure to reach us may be discovered, or any mistake or omission may be corrected.

We do make mistakes sometimes, and we want the aid of pastors, agents and all interested, in correcting them.

COMMUNICATIONS for the paper, to insure prompt insertion, should be addressed to "The Messenger."

PLEASE NOTICE TAG ON YOUR PAPER, AND IF YOU ARE INDEBTED FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS REMIT WITHOUT DELAY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE IN ADVANCE.

ALMANACS for 1888.

The Eastern Almanac for 1888 is now ready for distribution.

It is an interesting annual—surpassing the issues of other years. Its pages are filled with matters of interest to the whole Church—presenting principally the Church work claiming our attention at this time—Home and Foreign Missions.

Its pages contain also portraits of men that have been and are prominent in the Church, and pictures of some of the churches that have been recently erected.

It is, in fact, worthy of circulation throughout the whole Church—covering the work of Missions within our bounds as a Church—East and West. Every family should have one.

It will be sent at the usual rates:

100 Copies, \$5.00
50 " 2.75
12 " .75
Single Copy, Postpaid, .12

When to be sent by mail 18 cents per dozen must be added for every dozen ordered.

THE WESTERN ALMANAC

Supplied at the same rates as noted above.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We can also fill orders for the German Almanac at the usual rates.

12 Copies, 95 cts.
Postage, 16 cts.
Single Copy, Postpaid, 12 cts.

Address,

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

NEW & OLD BOOKS.

We would call attention to the following books that have been recently published, and are for sale by us at the prices named, postpaid:

Historic Manual of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. J. H. Dubbs, D. D., \$1.50
The Substantial Philosophy, Rev. J. I. Swander, D. D., \$1.50

Letters to Boys and Girls about the Holy Land and the First Christmas, Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D., .75

Lord's Portion, Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D., Paper, .25
Muslin, .30

Service Book & Hymnal, Rev. W. F. Lichteit, Plain Muslin .25
Red Edges " .40

A Treatise on Baptism, Rev. J. J. Leberman, .60

Recollections of College Life, Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D., 1.25

Beginnings of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in the U. S., Rev. Theodore Appel, D. D., Paper, .50
Muslin, .75

A Child's Life of Christ, Rev. C. Z. Weiser, D. D., 1.00

The Gospel Call, Book of Sermons by Rev. J. K. Millelt, deceased; edited by Rev. C. S. Gerhard, 1.50

History and Doctrines of the Reformed Church, by Rev. J. H. Good. A Tract, 50 Copies, 1.00
100 " 2.00
300 " 5.00

Directory of Worship, Muslin, .75
Imitation Morocco, 1.25

Young Parson, 1.25

OLD BOOKS AT REDUCED RATES.

Wayside Gleanings, by Rev. B. Bausman, D. D., former price, \$1.25, .60

Christological Theology, Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D., Single Copy, .03
Dozen, .50

Address,

Reformed Church Pub. Board,
907 ARCH STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

Bells of the Angelus.

BRET HARTE.

Bells of the past, whose unforgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse,
Tinging the sober twilight of the present
With color of romance!

I hear you call and see the sun descending
On rocks and waves and sand,
As down the coast the mission voices blend-
ing
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight nor mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor lost ambition
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves re-
ceding,
I touch the farther past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last!

Before me rise the dome-shaped mission
towers,
The white presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross uplifting
Above the setting sun,
And past the headland, northward, slowly
drifting,
The frightened galleon.

Oh, solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old—
Oh, tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight
music
The spiritual fold.

Your voices break, they falter in the dark-
ness—
Break, falter and are still;
And, valued and mystic, like the host de-
scending,
The sun sinks from the hill.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Selections.

I go and come; nor fear to die,
When God on high shall call me home.

Sunday is like a stile between the fields of
toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and
meditate.—Longfellow.

There is no beautifier of complexion, or
form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy
and not pain around us.—Emerson.

It is not disgraceful to any one who is poor
to confess his poverty; but the not exerting
one's self to escape poverty is disgraceful.—
Pericles.

Have you known how to compose your
manners? You have done a great deal
more than he who has composed books.—
Montaigne.

Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it
may induce great wretchedness afterwards.
The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but
there is death at the bottom.—Talmage.

"On ye haste, to home invited,
There with friends to be united
In a surer bond than here.
Meeting soon, and met forever!
Glorious hope! forsake us never,
For thy glimmering light is dear."

Personal.

Jay Gould's income is placed at \$1,000 per
hour, not including the periodical contribu-
tions of the lambs.

Before going to Oak View to dine Thanks-
giving Day Mrs. Cleveland directed the
sending of flowers from the White House
conservatory to the Central Union Mission
and to several churches and charitable insti-
tutions.

Word has come of the death of Emile
Marco de Saint-Hilaire. He was a page of
Napoleon Bonaparte, and his mother was a
maid-of-honor to Queen Hortense. He wrote
some interesting volumes of reminiscences of
the first Empire.

Miss Susan B. Anthony is engaged in or-
ganizing Woman Suffrage Clubs at various
points in Indiana, and her appeals and per-
sonal efforts have resulted in many access-
ions to the army of women who believe they
have a right to vote.

Pope Leo XIII is very fond of agriculture,
and has a passion for planting trees. One
of his first works after his election was to
plant the garden of the Vatican with fruit
trees and vines, and this year for the first
time the grapes of the Vatican garden are
turned into wine. His Holiness superin-
tends the operation and gives the necessary
orders.

Mr. Robert Bonner, who has retired from
the management of the New York Ledger,
purchased that paper in its original form in
1851. It was then a financial weekly paper,
but in 1855 Mr. Bonner made a radical
change in its character. He secured as con-
tributors Fanny Fern, Sylvanus Cobb, Mrs.
Southworth and others, and spent \$25,000 in
advertising Mrs. Southworth's "Island Prin-
cess" story. Edward Everett contributed
the celebrated "Mount Vernon Papers" to
the Ledger. William Cullen Bryant's trans-
lations and poems were published in it.
Henry Ward Beecher wrote his novel "Nor-
wood" for it, and Charles Dickens wrote
"Hunted Down." Mr. Bonner is well known
also as an owner and a lover of fine horse-
flesh. He bought Maud S. from the late
William H. Vanderbilt for \$40,000, although
Mr. Vanderbilt had been offered \$100,000 for
the horse. He said he preferred that Mr.

Bonner should become her owner, as she
would then be sure of good treatment. Mr.
Bonner's career has been singularly success-
ful. He was born near Londonderry, in
Ireland, on April 28, 1824, and came to this
country a few years later. In 1839 he began
his experience of the joys of aiding in the
moving of a great moral engine, and became
an apprentice in the composing room of the
Hartford Courant. There he remained for
five years, not only learning his trade but
also doing a good deal more of outside
study than the average youth would care to
undertake.

Science and Art.

"The Lord's Prayer," a painting just
finished by Gabriel Max, and at present on
view in the Neumann Art Gallery, Munich,
will soon make the tour of the principal
German cities. It is said to be one of the
most original and prominent creations of the
great artist.

A new competition having been opened
at Cologne for designs for bronze doors,
which are to replace the present wooden
ones of the great Cathedral, the jury last
week awarded the prizes to the architect
Schneider, of Cassel, and the sculptor Men-
gelberg, of Utrecht.

The vicissitudes of an artist's reputation
are well illustrated by the recent sale of one
of Turner's great pictures, that of "Ant-
werp." It was first exhibited in the British
Royal Academy in 1833, and was then
valued at \$1,000; eleven years after it was
sold for \$1,575; in 1863 the price it brought
was \$15,000; very lately it sold in London
for \$34,125.

Powdered glass is largely taking the place
of sand in the manufacture of sand paper.
It is readily pulverized by heating it red hot
and throwing it into water, the finishing
being done in an iron mortar. By the use
of sieves of different sized meshes, the pow-
der is separated into various grades. A
strong paper, or muslin, is tacked down and
covered with a strong size of glue, the sur-
face covered with powdered glass, and, when
the glue is dry, the surplus glass is shaken or
brushed off.

Items of Interest.

Two races of men are dying out—the
Laplancers, who number 30,000, and the
Maoris, of New Zealand, reduced from 100,-
000 to 45,000 since the days of Captain Cook,
and likely to be extinct by the year 2,000.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics of Maine
shows that the purchasing power of a dollar
in that State is much greater than it was ten
years ago. A dollar will purchase as much
now as would a dollar and seventeen cents
in 1877.

Some people seem determined to steal,
and are not particular about what it is they
lay their pilfering fingers on. How else can
the breaking open of a freight car in Alle-
gheny and the theft of a tombstone be ex-
plained?

Two Toowoomba girls won a prize given
last month in Queensland, Australia, for
"the best young lady of the colony." It
meant the one who could best do all the
household duties of a colonial woman. The
prize was divided.

A stick of timber seventy five feet long
and thirty-one inches through, and destined
for the Panama Canal, was recently loaded
on three flat railroad cars at Youngstown, O.
There is not much difficulty in transporting
such timbers if the curves of the roads are
not very short.

The present mode of doing business by
sending salesmen out through the country
with samples is not unlike the old New En-
gland system of sending peddlers out to travel
with wagons loaded with goods to various
parts of the South and West. The difference
is that salesmen now carry samples instead
of goods, and the expenses are far out of pro-
portion to the old method.

The Government of New Zealand is
driven to extremes in order to do battle
against the rabbits. Nearly 2,000 stoats and
weasels have been exported from England
and liberated on the sheep ranges, and still
the demand continues. A cargo of over 600
are now on their way. The price given in
England is 4 shillings for each weasel and 6
shillings for stoats, and when the animals
are sold in the colony the shillings become
guineas.

A Berlin paper informs its readers that the
famous surgeon, Dr. Esmarch, is the leader
of an attack upon "Apothecaries' Latin,"
and he is supported in this campaign on be-
half of common sense in medicine by sev-
eral of the most eminent physicians and med-
ical professors in Germany. He asks why a
foreign tongue should still be employed by
physicians in writing their prescriptions,
when a general expulsion of foreign terms
and phrases, and the substitution of their
German equivalents, has become the order
of the day. A pharmaceutical lexicon is
being prepared for the use of doctors and
chemists, so as to assist them in prescrib-
ing.

Says a school teacher in one of the coun-
try districts of Kentucky: "One of my
scholars was taken out of school because I
endeavored to persuade him that the earth is
round. His father thought he was in danger
of being made an infidel by being taught
such nonsense. I saw the man and tried to
impress the fact upon him. We had a public
debate which lasted two weeks before crowd-
ed houses. He admitted that there were too
many hills and mountains for the earth to be
exactly flat, and finally went so far as to say
that the earth might be round 'This 'ere way'
(meaning east and west), 'cause the people
might fall off; but it is not round 'This 'ere
way' (meaning north and south)."—N. Y.
Tribune.

The Bank of England doors are now so
finely balanced, that a clerk, by pressing a
knob under his desk, can close the outer
doors instantly, and they cannot be opened
again except by special process. This is
done to prevent the daring and ingenious
unemployed of the metropolis from robbing
the bank. The bullion department of this
and other banks are nightly submerged

several feet in water by the action of the ma-
chinery. In some banks the bullion depart-
ment is connected with the manager's sleep-
ing room, and an entrance cannot be effected
without shooting a bolt in the dormitory,
which in turn sets in motion an alarm. If a
visitor during the day should happen to knock
off one from a pile of half sovereigns the
whole pile would disappear, a pool of water
taking its place.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

MINCE MEAT.—Four pounds of beef, boiled,
two pounds of apples and one pound of
suet chopped fine, two pounds of stoned
raisins, two pounds of currants, a quarter of
a pound of citron, a teaspoonful each of
cloves, cinnamon and mace, a quart of mo-
lasses and half a pound of brown sugar.
Moisten with boiled cider and add brandy if
desired, a tablespoonful to each pie.

CRUST FOR CHICKEN PIE.—Three cupfuls
of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one
tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of
soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar
(or, if it is preferred, the two latter ingre-
dients may be omitted and baking-powder
used instead), one saltspoonful of salt, milk
enough to make a soft dough. Rub the
shortening into the flour, having first sifted
this three times with the salt, soda and cream
of tartar (or baking-powder). Stir in the
milk, mix quickly, and roll out with as few
strokes as possible. Make the crust about a
quarter of an inch thick. If properly made
this will be a light, puffy crust.

CHICKEN PIE.—Select two plump fowls.
They need not be young. Cut them in
pieces as for fricassee. Put them in the
saucepan with enough cold water to cover
them, and stew gently until tender. They
should not be cooked so long that the meat
will fall from the bones. Arrange the
pieces in the baking dish, and add to the
gravy left in the pot two tablespoonfuls of
butter rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful
of corn-starch. Mix in very thoroughly,
adding at the same time a bunch of chopped
parsley, half an onion minced as fine as
possible, and pepper and salt to taste. Sim-
mer the gravy until it begins to thicken, and
then pour it over the chicken in the pie.
Cover all with a crust made by directions
given above, and bake in a steady oven to a
good brown. Just before taking it from the
oven brush over the top with the yolk of an
egg. Let it stand in the closed oven two
minutes longer before serving.

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our
Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

THE FORTUNES OF THE FARADAYS. By
Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In
Trust," "Foes of Her Household," etc.
Boston: Lee & Shepard, publishers. New
York: Charles T. Dillingham. Pp. 407.
Price 50c.

This is a square and unmitigated "novel,"
with characters who have their *entres* and
denouements, their histories and marriages at
the end. We do not know that we could
serve a better purpose for the authoress and
the publisher than to denounce it as a novel,
and simply because it is a novel. We are
inclined to do no such thing. People will
read fiction, and some of the best teachings
we have are under this form. Our only
concern is to know whether the "novels"
are good or bad, i. e., true or false in their
tenor and influence. The one before us
is well written. It presents the ordinary
vicissitudes of human life, and contains
suggestions from which a healthy mind may
gain some hints and information of practical
value.

ONLY A YEAR AND WHAT IT BROUGHT.
By Jane Andrews, author of "Seven
Little Sisters." Boston: Lee & Shepard,
Publishers. New York: Charles T. Dil-
lingham. 1888. Illustrated. Pp. 233.
Price, 50c.

A neat little book, designed to show the
fact declared by Wordsworth, that
"A light of duty shines on every day
For all."

It will be read with pleasure and profit by
those who wish to learn how to be useful
and happy and doing the work each hour brings.

"Gray's Elegy." "Ring Out the Wild
Bells." "Why Should the Spirit of Mor-
tal be Proud?" "It was the Calm and
Silent Night." "The Breaking Waves
Dashed High." "That Glorious Song of
Old."

These are the names of six booklets issued
by Lee & Shepard, in embossed bronze
covers, and printed on the finest paper, with
exquisite illustrations. They are real gems,
and are sold at the low price of 50 cents each.

OLD HOMESTEAD POEMS. By Wallace Bruce.
Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.,
Franklin Square. 1888. Pp. 167. Square
8vo. Cloth. \$2.

This book comes to us in bright but ap-
propriate dress, and the many illustrations
show the perfection to which the engraver's
art has been brought. The poems cover
a variety of subjects, and some of them have
more than ordinary merit. The popularity
of the author is attested by the fact that so
many of his productions have been read on
public occasions. They are worthy of the
care bestowed upon them by the publishers.

PRINCE LITTLE BOY AND OTHER TALES OUT
OF FAIRY LAND. By S. Wier Mitchell,
M.D., LL.D., Harv., author of "Hephzibah
Guinness," "In War Times," "Roland
Blake," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippin-
cott Company. 1888. Pp. 157. Price
\$1.50.

Dr. Mitchell, whose fame as a physician is
almost world-wide, is not unknown as a suc-
cessful writer of tales for children. Some of
the stories here given were written as early
as 1864, and made part of a little book pub-
lished to aid the Sanitary Commission Fair
in this city. Another story was written at a
later period to help the Children's Hospital.
Still others have followed and now they are
collected into the pleasing volume before us.
They are models of fairy lore, and are de-
signed to increase popularity.

IDA WAUGH'S ALPHABET BOOK.

"For little ones,
Who if they look, will find their letters
In this book."

Verses by Amy E. Blanchard. Philadel-
phia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1888.
Price 50c.

This is a very fine specimen of typo-
graphical art. It compares in this respect
most favorably with the loud, colored books
that often ruin the taste of children while
yet in the nursery. The verses are pure and
rhythmic. The illustrations are very good.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just issued
Overbeck's celebrated painting, "Christ
Blessing Little Children," the companion
picture to Munkacsy's Great Picture, "Christ
Before Pilate." It is an exact and faithful
copy of the original picture. It is engraved
on steel, in line and stipple, in the finest
style of the engraver's art. Size 22x28 in-
ches. Price \$1.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. The Decem-
ber number opens with a most interesting
part of Mr. Lincoln's history, furnished by
Messrs. Nicolay and Hay. The chapters
cover Mr. Lincoln's departure from Spring-
field, and include his night journey to
Washington through Baltimore. The details
are new and authentic. The circumstances
attending the revision of his inaugural ad-
dress, with Mr. Seward's suggestions, are
given in full, and parts of it are shown in
fac-simile. Accompanying the paper are
portraits of Seward, Frederick W. Seward,
and Ward H. Lamont, together with a sketch
of the inaugural scene.—Prof. Charles
W. Shields, of Princeton College, contri-
butes an important and interesting paper,
entitled "The United Churches of the United
States," being a review of the "Century"
letters on Christian Unity.—Mr. Ken-
nan's second paper deals with the "Prison
Life of the Russian Revolutionists."—An
illustrated paper on the Sea of Galilee is
contributed by Edward L. Wilson.—Mr.
Brander Matthews contributes an interesting
study of journalism entitled "Notes on
Parisian Newspapers."—Mrs. Van Rens-
selaer, in her series on English Cathedrals,
writes about Durham, which she considers
the most imposing of all.—"The Gray-
sons," by Edward Eggleston, and G. W.
Cable's novelette are continued, and Frank
R. Stockton writes a sequel to Mrs. Leeks
and Mrs. Aleshine. Mr. Irving's Faust and
his acting are the subjects of two papers.

The poetry of the number is contri-
buted by Mrs. Annie Fields, Rose Hawthorne
Lathrop, Edith M. Thomas, "Stuart
Sterne," Maurice F. Egan, Henry Ames
Blood, and Walt Whitman (a stanza, "Twil-
ight"), and in Brice-a-Brac by John Vance
Cheney, Charles H. Crandall, Jennie W.
Netter, and others.

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS will discover
in the December number, that Mrs. Frances
Hodgson Burnett has created a worthy com-
panion character to "Little Lord Fauntleroy,"
in the heroine of her story, "Sara
Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss
Minchin's." Mr. Frank R. Stockton ad-
ministers a salutary little lesson to both
young and old in one of his admirable
stories, "The Clocks of Roudaine," and the
"The Washington Gladden, in 'Santa
Claus in the Pulpit,' reveals the good old
saint in a new role. H. H. Boyesen tells
the strange story of "The Bear that had a
Bank Account;" while J. T. Trowbridge
gives an account of "How the Hart Boys
Saw Great Salt Lake," and Sarah J. Pritchard
draws an interesting sketch of Puritan days
and of the difficulties which attended the
setting up of "The First Christmas-Tree in
New England." Edward Duffy, who, as re-
porter for the New York "World," took
part in the ascension of the great air-ship
from St. Louis, in June last, recounts the
stirring adventures which attended the start,
the voyage, and the descent, and tells of the
novel, and often thrilling experiences with
which he met on his trip. "Three Miles
High in a Balloon." "The Children's
Christmas Club of Washington City," is a
brief history, by Edmund Alton, of the
origin and development of a notable organi-
zation which each year gives a Christmas
dinner and an entertainment to the poor
children of Washington City. Mary Mapes
Dodge, Mary E. Wilkins, Amelie Rives,
Edith Thomas, and H. C. Bunner contribute
the poetry for the number, and there is the
usual complement of short sketches, jingles,
and pictures.

Captain Charles King contributes to the
December number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAG-
AZINE another of his very popular military
stories, "From the Ranks." The plot is
more than usually stirring and complicated,
and the style has all the brilliancy and dash
of this author's best work. Albion W.
Tourgee, with "Professor Cadmus's Great
Case," begins a series of stories of mystery,
complication, and detective ingenuity, under
the general heading of "With Gauge &
Swallow," each of which will be complete in
itself, though all revolve around a common
center of interest. Lucy C. Lillie's "Jenny
Lind-Goldschmidt" is more than a mere
biographical sketch, as it includes personal
reminiscences of a famous woman whose
prejudice against Americans, owing to the
fact that unfriendly statements had been cir-
culated about her husband in the American
press, closed her doors against all but a few
people of that nationality. Janet Edmond-
son, formerly of the Boston Ideals, gives an
amusing bit of autobiography, "My First
Appearance," in which the wonders, the de-
lights, and the terrors of a debut on the pro-
fessional stage are admirably depicted.
Miss F. C. Baylor contributes a delightfully
humorous sketch, "The Drum-Major," and
Mary Parmele a thoughtful and well-reasoned
article on "Earthworms and Society." The
poems are contributed by Bessie Chandler,
Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, Charlotte Fiske
Bates, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and Mary
B. Dodge.

The December issue of the MAGAZINE OF
AMERICAN HISTORY completes its eighteenth
volume. The contents of the Holiday issue
are diversified. "Our Country Fifty Years
Ago," by the Editor; "Stephen A. Douglas
and the Free Soilers," by A. W. Clason;
"Aaron Burr: a Study," by Charles H.
Peck, concluded; "The Apotheosis of the
Plutocrat," by W. M. Dickson; "A Winter's
Work of a Captain of Dragoons," by Gen-
eral P. St. George Cooke, of Detroit; "Notes
from Harvard College," by Rev. Henry C.
Badger; "The Treadmill in America," by
Professor Oliver P. Hubbard; the "Proto-
type of Leather Stocking," by Henry H.

Hurlbut, of Chicago; and "Christmas," by
Gilbert Nash, are among the contents. The
December is a strong, instructive, and de-
lightful number.

Subscription price, \$5.00 a year in ad-
vance. Published at 743 Broadway, New
York City.

WIDE AWAKE for December is a holiday
number, and is, as usual, bright and pretty,
interesting and instructive. Its table of con-
tents show a great variety of attractive read-
ing for the young folks. The editors and
publishers promise many good things for
1888. They will certainly fulfil them all to
the very letter.

Subscription price, \$2.40 per year. D.
Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE CHURCH REVIEW. Edited by the
Rev. Henry Mason Baum. November,
1887. Contents—Boswell's Life of Johnson,
Some Limit to the Possibility of Revelation,
Concerning Charity Organization and
Pauperism, The Voice of the Church of Eng-
land on Episcopal Ordination, The Church
in the West, Life, Times and Correspondence
of Bishop White, The Law of the Church in
the United States, chapter VII., Contempo-
rary Literature.

New York: Baum & Geddes. Printed at
the Riverside Press, Cambridge. Annual
subscription, \$4.00; single number, 35 cents.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of
Littell's Living Age for the weeks ending
November 26th and December 3d contain—
The Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski,
Edinburgh Review; The Antiquity of Man in
North America, Nineteenth Century; The
Story of Zebek, as told by himself, con-
clusion, Contemporary Review; A Strange
Place, Spectator; The Catholic Revival of
the Sixteenth Century, Quarterly Review;
Lochiel, the Ulysses of the Highlands,
Temple Bar; How Piracy was Stopped in
Morocco, Murray's Magazine; A Discourse
upon Sermons, Macmillan's Magazine; Jenny
Lind, St. James' Gazette; Queer Re-
lations, Saturday Review; Funny Sayings
and Answers by Juveniles, Chambers' Jour-
nal; "Long" Sir Thomas Robinson, Satur-
day Review; Old Age in Animals, St. James's
Gazette; with instalments of "Major and
Minor," by W. E. Norris, "Major Lawrence,
F. L. S., and "Richard Cable, the Light-
shipman," and Poetry and Miscellany.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large
pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year)
the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for
\$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of
the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies
with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid.
Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Books and Pamphlets Received.

Frank E. Housh & Co., Publishers, Brattle-
boro, Vermont, send us a specimen of their
dainty ragged-edged booklets called "Songs
for the Night," for anybody, but particularly
adapted for those along in years. Price 25
cents.

Sunlight for Home. A collection of Stories
for Old and Young. Cleaned by Revs. J. H.
Schneider and L. H. Schuh. Columbus, O.:
The Lutheran Book Concern.

Built Upon a Rock. By Ada Augusta
Gott. Revised and enlarged. Baltimore:
D. H. Carroll, Publisher, 118 East Baltimore
street. 1887.

The Gruff Judge and Happy Santa Claus.
A Christmas Cantata. Libretto by Mrs.
Fanny E. Newberry. Music by T. Martin
Towne. Chicago: Published by S. W. Straub
& Co. Price 30 cents; \$2.50 per doz.

Emerson's Part-Songs and Glee for Mixed
Voices. Oliver Ditson & Company, Boston.
This book is of convenient octavo size, 176
pages, and nicely printed with the voice
parts on separate staves. Price \$1, with
liberal discounts to clubs and associations.

Children's Musical Gift Book. Illustrated.
Tunes and rhymes for pleasant times. Oliver
Ditson & Co. 20 cts. Also, The Old
Sweet Story. A Christmas Service for Sun-
day-schools and Inquiry Classes. 8 cents.

The People's Hymn Book. A selection of
most popular Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual
Songs; with appropriate tunes. Samuel B.
Scheffeler. American S. S. Union. Single
copy, 25 cts.; \$15 per hundred.

Married.

At 12 o'clock noon, Tuesday, 22d ult., Dr.
Franklin T. Landis was married to Miss
Hattie I. Leinbach, youngest daughter of
Rev. Dr. Charles H. Leinbach, deceased,
at the home of the bride's mother in
Womelsdorf, Pa. Rev. J. Calvin Leinbach,
of Sunbury, Pa., brother of the bride, per-
formed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Thos.
C. Leinbach. Master Karl Robert Leinbach
and Miss Mattie Grace Jones acted as ushers.
Mr. and Mrs. Landis left in the evening for
Philadelphia and New York.

November 24th, near McConnellstown,
Huntingdon county, Pa., by Rev. I. N.
Peightel, assisted by Rev. C. J. Musser, Mr.
John S. Lloyd to Miss Maggie M. Peightel,
both of McConnellstown, Huntingdon county,
Pa.

At Meyersdale, Pa., November 22, 1887,
by Rev. J. M. Schick, Mr. Augustus H.
Brant to Miss Sevilla Bowman, all of Somer-
set county, Pa.

Obituaries.

Obituaries to be inserted must be no longer
than three hundred words.

DIED.—Mary Leinbach, September 5, 1887,
aged 88 years, 4 months, and 26 days.
An aged sufferer released from the flesh
rests in the Lord.

DIED.—Mary Bellman, September 8th,
1887, aged 77 years, 4 months and 11 days.
During the last two years this pilgrim has
been gradually growing weaker. She was
waiting for the summons to "Come up high-
er." She now rests in peace.

DIED.—Robert J. Algert, at Watsontown,
September 29th, 1887, aged 48 years, 1 month
and 10 days.

DIED.—At the residence of her daughter,
near Shepherdstown, W. Va., on November
12, 1887, Mrs. Susan Albaugh, aged 69 years
and 6 months.

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

There are 360 students at the University of Virginia. Of these, 113 attend the Episcopal Church, 88 the Presbyterian, 73 the Methodist, 46 the Baptist, 12 the Christian, 14 the Roman Catholic, 2 the Lutheran, 3 the Hebrew, 1 the Friends, 1 the Dunkards, 1 the German Reformed, and 6 unassigned.

The Roman Catholic Board of Missions operating among the North American Indians has now under its control thirty-five boarding and twenty day schools, the first having an attendance of 2,193 scholars, the second of 870. It is reported that these scholars receive \$231,880 from the United States Government, which also furnishes clothing for 400 boarding pupils at a cost of \$30,000. Some of the Protestant papers claim that this is contrary to the Constitution.

One of the most interesting of the many Episcopal charities carried on by St. Clement's church, at Twentieth and Cherry Sts., is the hospital and dispensary, started just two years ago. The dispensary fills a special place among the public charities of the city in that it is open in the evening, thus affording an opportunity for poor working people to obtain medical advice without neglecting their duties, while imposition is guarded against by a system of visiting whereby the condition and needs of every patient are ascertained. The work of the dispensary has grown so rapidly that the number of new patients seen last year was 1,350 and the whole number of visits was 3,611, an increase of nearly eighty per cent. over the first year.

The General Christian Conference, to be held in Washington December 7-9, 1887, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States has already aroused great interest in all parts of the country. Following are the topics to be discussed: "The City as a Peril," "Immigration," "The Misuse of Wealth," "Estrangement from the Church," "Ultramontaniam," "The Saloon," "Perils to the Family," "The Social Vice," "Illiteracy," "Relation of the Church to the Capital and Labor Question," "The Christian Resources of Our Country," "Necessity of Co-operation in Christian Work," "Co-operation in Small Cities," "Co-operation in Large Cities," "Individual Responsibility Growing Out of Perils and Opportunities."

Archbishop Ryan, accompanied by Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, sailed on the Servia on Saturday last, from New York, for Rome.

The Archbishop proposes to be gone about three months, and will stop in County Tipperary, Ireland, where he was born, to renew old memories. He will afterwards proceed direct to Rome and call on his Holiness, the Pope. A number of addresses will be made by him to the head of the Church, and he will pay the Pope's pence in person. Among these addresses will be one from the clergy and others from the Alumni of the American College, the Irish Catholic Beneficial Union, and other societies in his province of over a half million Catholics. He will leave for New York on the 8.20 train Thursday morning, and will go aboard the steamer Friday night. This visit is the regular pilgrimage to Rome made every ten years. Archbishop Ryan was in Rome in 1867, again in 1883, when he represented the province of St. Louis at the Episcopal Council of Rome, which preceded the Plenary Council in Baltimore. At the latter place he preached the Latin course and made such a strong impression on the Pope that he was afterwards chosen to succeed Archbishop Wood. The Archbishop bears with him an address from the hierarchy of America to the sovereign Pontiff, congratulating him upon his jubilee, which will be celebrated on December 31st. He is also the bearer of over \$23,000, the amount of Peter's pence collected in the archdiocese. The Archbishop will preach the sermon at the corner-stone-laying of St. Patrick's church in Rome in February, and will not be back to this country until April. He bears with him to Rome \$6,600 for the proposed church.

Foreign.

The "Militia of Jesus Christ," a kind of Salvation Army, dating from 1209, has been revived at Paris. Its pomps and rites resemble those of Freemasonry, and its gala costumes are dazzling. Its members promise to live blamelessly, to aid in all Christian work and to keep from blaspheming.

On a recent Sunday the Bishop of Bedford, England, after preaching at Holy Trinity church, Shoreditch, visited a common lodging-house in Nichols Row, where he gave a simple and interesting address to the inmates, who were much impressed and also greatly surprised to think that a real bishop should visit them.

Of the 19,000,000 workers in India engaged in personal and professional services 695,000 are clergymen, ministers, priests and church and temple officers; 189,000 are physicians, surgeons or druggists; 35,641 are "authors and literary persons;" 10,800 are artists; 207,000 are musicians; 99,000 are actors; 171,000 are teachers, and 11,621 "scientific persons."

The London *Saturday Review* takes the young married women of London to task for the tone that they are giving to the young man of English society. It states that "the present habit of loose conversation, may to a great extent, be attributed to them, as they allow men to say things that formerly would never have been dreamed of. Men now are what the women have made them."

Seven years ago a party of twenty persons, mostly from Chicago, some of them Mr. Moody's helpers, started on a mission to the Holy Land. They have been joined by English sympathizers, and form a community with a common purse. A letter in the Boston *Advertiser* speaks favorably of them. Simple allegiance to Christ and practical well-doing constitute their profession and purpose. Their type is so unselfish and unworldly, their relief of the poor and sympathy with every class have been so spontaneous and sincere, that they have won the appreciation of Mohammedan and Bedouin alike, and even the wretched fellaheen sing their praises. Some Temanite Jews from Arabia have been helped by their ministry, and the fierce transjordanic tribe of the Adwans welcome their teachings.

Cardinal Antonio Pellegrini died recently in Paris in his seventy-sixth year. His Emi-

nence, whose name stood fifth in the list of Cardinal Deacons, was the late Cardinal created by Pius IX, December 28, 1877. He was a leading member in many ecclesiastical congregations, and Protector of the Brotherhood of Jesus at St. Elena. He had been an Auditor of the Rote, Referendary of the Signature of Justice, and Doyen des Clercs of the Apostolic Chamber. He was a modest and good sort of a man, who, when he was doyen of the clerks of the Chamber, earned about \$50 a month. He complained of the smallness of his salary to Cardinal Simeoni, who spoke of it to Pius IX. "I will make a Cardinal of him," was the Pope's reply. On hearing this Pellegrini, who had not even received minor orders, hastened to prepare himself for the priesthood. He said his first mass on the 18th of December, 1877; ten days later he was created a Cardinal.

"I OUGHT TO WRITE YOU THAT MY WIFE IS DEAD."

This is a duty that many a widower is obliged to perform, but in the following instance the writer was not a widower. It is from a farmer in Ira, Jasper Co., Iowa, and is dated February 8, 1886:

"I ought to write you that my wife is dead, in order that the predictions of the physicians should become true; but, thank God, she lives, and is getting better as fast as could be reasonably expected; is up all day generally, and is able to get around quite lively; appetite good. Did not get the beef extract, as you advised, but killed a fat heifer, and ample justice is done to the steak."

Those who want to know more about the Compound Oxygen, which achieved such felicitous results in this case, will do well to write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for their brochure, which is sent free to applicants.

A miss is as good as a mile.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

The Best Restorer.

Dr. T. C. Smith, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, and the best restorer when the energies flag, and the spirits droop."

"Come on! come on!" said a gentleman to a little girl, at whom a dog had been barking furiously. "Come on! he's quiet now." "Ah, but," said the little girl, "the barks are in him still."

There is no doubt about the honest worth of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. Thousands, who have been benefited by its use, will attest its virtues. This remedy cures liver and kidney complaint, and eradicates every trace of disease from the system.

Mrs. Wells (about to hire a new servant): "Now, in regard to going out visiting, I— Servant (interrupting): "Och, go out whiniver yes loikes. You'll not find Bridget Murphy harrod, mum, or dictatorial loike."

CATARRH CURED. A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Leading chemists & physicians say "no plaster has ever been made which for medicinal value begins to equal the **ATHLOPHOROS PLASTERS.**" For strains, pain in back, side or chest, for weakness, colds &c. they are worth their weight in gold. Ask your druggist for them.

Send 6 cents for a beautiful colored picture, the "Moorish Girl." ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 Wall St., NEW YORK.

COMMON-SENSE CATARRH CURE
89 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.
Is really Common-Sense, Simple & Rational. Medicating diseased parts with a time & cures Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Ulcerated Nose and Throat. Send for Treatise, Question Blank and Testimonials free.

Ely's Cream Balm
(Takes the head of CATARRH VIRUS, ALLAYS INFLAMMATION, HEALS THE SORES, Restores the senses of Taste and Smell.)
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N.Y.

SEDGWICK STEEL WIRE FENCE.

The best Farm, Garden, Poultry Yard, Lawn, School Lot, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate, Cheapest and Neatest Iron Fences. Iron and wire Summer Houses, Lawn Furniture, and other wire work. Best Wire Stretcher and Plier. Ask dealers in hardware, or address, **SEDGWICK BROS., RICHMOND, IND.**
EDWARD SUTTON, Eastern Agent
300 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DAY SEWED SHOE STORE
—RUBBER SHOES—
FIRST QUALITY ONLY.

HAVE YOU CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, OR ASTHMA?—ARE YOU GOING INTO CONSUMPTION?

By means of the Pillow Inhaler, sufferers in every part of the land have been cured of the above diseases, and many who were for years afflicted are now strong and well.

The Pillow-Inhaler is apparently only a pillow, but from liquid medicines that are harmless (tar, carbolic acid, iodine, etc.), it gives off an atmosphere which you breathe all night (or about eight hours), whilst taking ordinary rest in sleep. There are no pipes or tubes, as the medicine is contained in concealed reservoirs, and the healing atmosphere arising from it envelops the head. It is perfectly simple in its workings, and can be used by a child with absolute safety. Medicine for the reservoirs goes with each Inhaler, ready for use. The wonderful and simple power of the Pillow-Inhaler is in the long-continued application. You breathe the healing vapor continuously and at a time when ordinarily the cavities of the nose and bronchial tubes become engorged with mucus, and catarrh, throat and lung diseases make greatest progress. From the very first night the passages are clearer and the inflammation is less. The cure is sure and reasonably rapid.

Wm. C. Carter, M. D., Richmond, Va., a physician in regular practice, says: "I believe the Pillow-Inhaler to be the best thing for the relief and cure of lung troubles that I have ever seen or heard of."

Mr. R. D. McManigal, of the firm of McManigal and Morley, Miners and Shippers, Logan, Ohio, writes: "I suffered fifteen years with catarrh of the throat. I bought a Pillow-Inhaler, and after four months' use of it my throat is entirely cured."

Mr. H. G. Teele, 50 Bryan Block, Chicago, Ill., says: "I suffered fifteen years from a severe case of catarrh; coughed incessantly day and night. I bought a Pillow-Inhaler, and since using it my cough is gone, my lungs are no longer weak and sore, and I am in better health than I have been for years."

If you are a sufferer, send for a pamphlet that will tell you all about it, and let you see what people say of it who have been cured. The Pillow-Inhaler Co., 1520 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—If you have not read the short article in last week's MESSENGER on the Pillow-Inhaler, do so now. It is on 7th page, 4th column.

BEAUTY
of
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE TO THE CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying, beautifying the skin and in curing itching, disfiguring, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Co., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP. by using

ALSO FOR THE DWELLING
THE FINISHED BRASS, COLONIAL MATCH FURNITURE, MADE TO EXTEND TO TABLE WHEN IN USE. Perfectly Safe. SEND FOR DESIGNS, FREE.
A. J. WEIDENER,
36 S. Second St. Phila.

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IN ALL GRADES,
AT POPULAR PRICES.

A full line of OUR OWN MANUFACTURE and Standard DOMESTIC and IMPORTED Carpets.
We request only an OPPORTUNITY to show you our stock.

IVINS, DIETZ & MAGEE.
NEW STORE,
1217 Market Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Estey Organs
Estey Pianos

To those who are using the ESTEY ORGAN no word of praise or commendation from us is needed to convince them that it is the superior; but what we do want to say to them is this: THE ESTEY PIANO is just as thoroughly made, and is guaranteed to give as good satisfaction as the Organ has. If you want a piano, you run NO RISK in buying an Estey. Very low for cash, or on easy monthly payments. 18 N. Seventh St., ESTEY, BRUCE & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PERFECTED OXYGEN

Entirely Different. Greatest Improvement. Its success is unprecedented. Gained greater popularity at home in three months, without advertising, than all other Oxygen Treatments combined after twenty years of advertising. For Consumption, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Asthma, Throat Troubles, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration and General Debility. Purifies and Enriches the Blood. Home Treatment shipped all over the world. Interesting letters from prominent patients showing its great superiority, and Treatise Free by Mail.

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The Great Secret of the Canary Breeders of the Birds, will restore the song of caged Bird Manna birds and preserve them in health. 1/2c. by mail. Sold by druggists. Directions free. BIRD FOOD CO., 400 N. 2d St., Phila., Pa.

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MANUFACTURED BY
BAXTER C. SWAN, 244 S. 2D ST., PHILA.

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